

No. 77.—Vol. VI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

E. H. Cady
(Hurdles and High Jump).

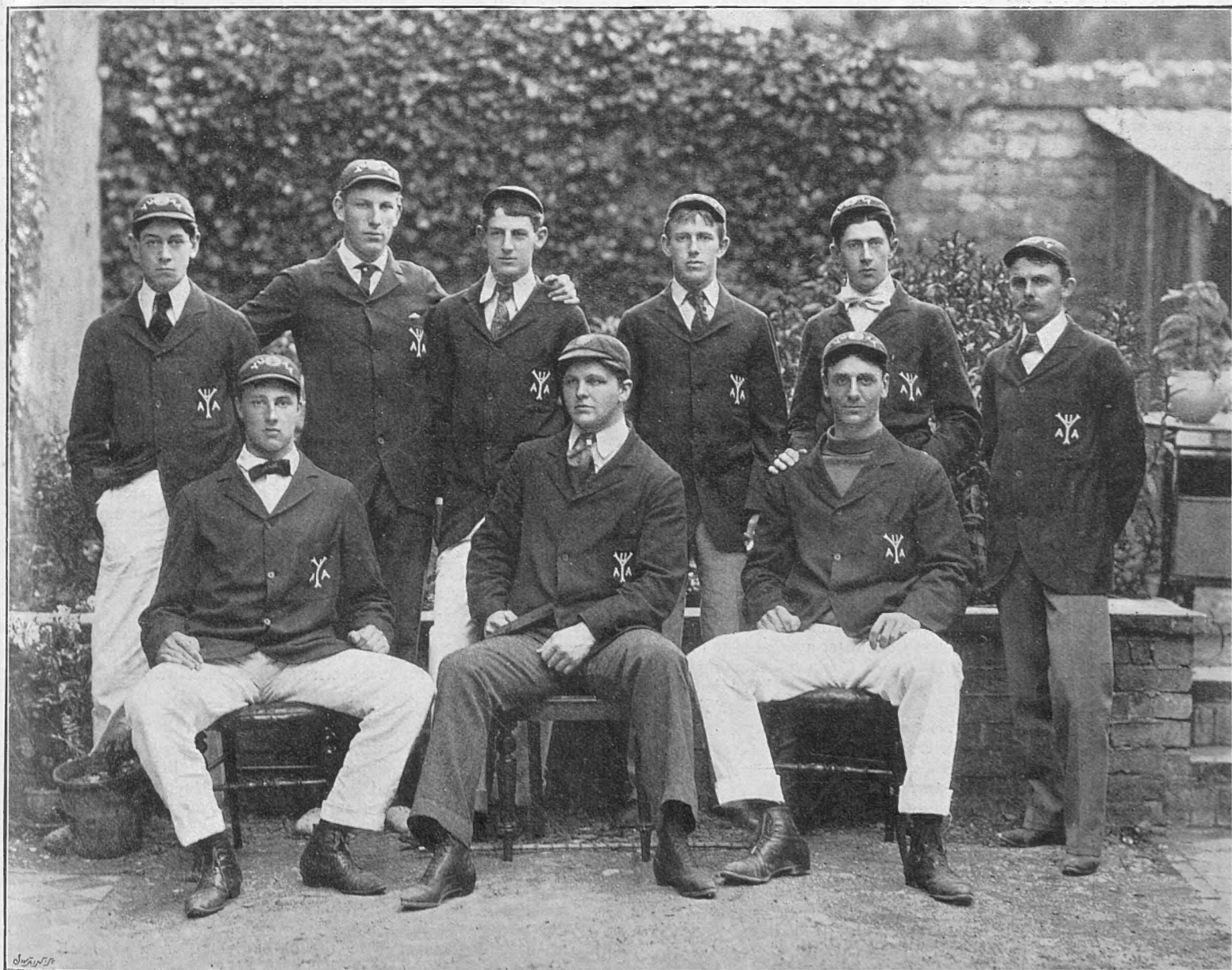
G. F. Sanford
(100 and 440 yards).

D. B. Hatch
(Hurdles and Broad Jump).

A. Pond, jun.
(100, 440 yards, and ½-mile).

W. S. Woodhull
(½-mile).

J. E. Morgan
(Mile and ½-mile).



A. Brown (Shot and Hammer),

W. O. Hickok (Shot and Hammer),

L. P. Sheldon (Broad and High Jump).

THE YALE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC TEAM.

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY J. SOAME, JUN., OXFORD.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened at Carnarvon, Mr. Lewis Morris presiding. To-day, said the poet, Wales lifted up her head; she was no longer ashamed of her nationality or her speech; her sons and her daughters went forth to compete successfully on a broader field than she offered in literature, in art, in the statesman's high career itself. He looked forward in good hope and with undoubting faith to see spread before them in the near future the glorious vision of a united and advancing Wales. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters arrived at the neighbouring town of Bangor in the evening, and received an enthusiastic welcome. The Prince was presented with an address by the Mayor and Corporation, and in reply spoke of the loyalty of the Welsh and the pleasure he felt in his reception.—The Queen was visited by the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, who presented a congratulatory address upon the birth of an heir to the throne.—The Duke of York visited Grays, and inspected the training-ship Shaftesbury, which was started by the London School Board in 1878. The Duke said he had had many duties to perform this summer, but none of them had given him greater pleasure than this visit.—The Countess of Jersey performed a similar duty at Greenhithe on board the training ship *Arethusa*, which was fitted out twenty years ago.—Dr. Kennion, Bishop of Adelaide, has accepted the vacant Bishopric of Bath and Wells.—Constantinople was shaken by earthquakes at noon. Great damage was done, not only in the city, but in the villages along the shores of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. Fifty persons are said to have been killed. At Stamboul a panic was created and all business was suspended.—President Cleveland proclaimed martial law in Montana, Idaho, North Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado, California, Utah, New Mexico, as well as in Illinois.—The Ottawa Conference concluded its sittings. The delegates sang the National Anthem before separating.

Wednesday.

The Queen, accompanied by the Czarevitch, Princess Alix of Hesse, the Empress Eugénie, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went from Windsor to Aldershot, where, in the evening, a grand military tattoo was performed. Her Majesty stayed all night in the Royal Pavilion.—The Eisteddfod of this year will long be memorable. The Prince and Princess of Wales and suite drove from Bangor to Carnarvon to attend the festival, at which 10,000 people were present, and received a wildly enthusiastic welcome. The Prince, in reply to an address from the Corporation, said that he considered himself specially associated with Carnarvon, as the birthplace of the first Prince of Wales. The Princess bestowed upon the Crowned Bard, Mr. Ben Davies, of Ystalyfera, the blue ribbon with rose attached. Afterwards, the Prince and Princess attended the Gorsedd held in the open air, and received bardic titles, respectively signifying "Edward the Prince" and "Britain's Delight."—Lord Russell of Killowen was sworn in as Lord Chief Justice of England, in succession to Lord Coleridge. There was a very large assemblage of the Bar and general public.—A meeting was held at Norfolk House, the Duke of Norfolk presiding, when an address, enclosed in a silver-gilt casket, placed in a carved oak case, the timber having formed part of the original roof of the Guildhall, was presented by his fellow Catholics to Sir Stuart Knill, on his vacating the Lord Mayoralty.—The Britannia, racing in Rothesay Bay, once more defeated the Vigilant.—The strike in America has practically collapsed, for a general stoppage of work did not occur, as was intended.—The United States man-of-war Chicago has been slightly damaged off Antwerp by collision with a Liverpool steamer.

Thursday.

The Queen reviewed 9000 troops, representing almost all branches of the Service, at Aldershot. The Czarevitch rode with the staff of the Commander-in-Chief and the Duke of Connaught.—The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the slate quarries belonging to their host, Lord Penrhyn, and had a run down the Menai Straits in a yacht.—At the Eisteddfod, Lord Mostyn presided and delivered an address.—Sir William Harcourt gave evidence at the first meeting of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the mode of members of the House of Commons vacating their seats.—Lord Londonderry, speaking at Windermere, declared that Lord Rosebery unsaid to-day his utterances of yesterday.—The Miners' Federation of Great Britain convened a conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne to decide upon a national policy for the protection of labour. It was agreed to send £15,000 to the Scotch miners now on strike.—The Marlborough Street Police Court magistrate refused a man a summons against "James Hamilton, commonly known as the Duke of Abercorn, K.G.," who presided at a meeting at St. James's Hall, where a lecture was given by General Willoughby on the Matabele campaign. The man asked whether the General was an English soldier, whereupon he was assaulted and his coat torn, though by whom he did not know.—At the Bath County Court a tenant of rooms in a house in the city claimed five guineas for disturbance by the introduction of thirty Matabele, who were being shown in the town, and were accommodated at the defendant's house in only three rooms. The plaintiff said he was so frightened that when the savages entered the house he went out of the window; his wife also left with the children. The case was dismissed.—The Britannia beat the Vigilant for the sixth time on the Clyde.—Lord Kimberley has offered the good offices of her Majesty's Government to China and Japan in reference to the Korean difficulty.

Friday.

The Queen received at Windsor the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, who presented her with a congratulatory address upon the birth of a great-grandson. Her Majesty subsequently knighted Aldermen and Sheriffs Dimsdale and Moore and Mr. Altman.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, on their journey from Penrhyn to London, stopped at Rhyl, where the Princess laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital, named after her.—"How Sunday is to be spent" was discussed at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference. Sir Dyce Duckworth said that in one part of South London the life of the mass of the people on Sunday was simply gross and swinish. The Primate, while denouncing the dinner parties and dramatic entertainments which were beginning to be given in all directions in London, said it was clear that working people ought to be provided with everything in the way of Sunday recreation without, at the same time, oppressing other people. A resolution was adopted expressing the view that, beyond the essential attendance at public worship, no uniform rule could be laid down for the due observance of Sunday, which was dependent upon varying conditions.—Rain stopped the shooting at Bisley.—The Cork Municipal Council called upon the Corporation of Dublin to reward the services of O'Donovan Rossa to the Irish cause by appointing him to the vacant office of City Marshal.—The Newcastle-on-Tyne Conference of Miners was adjourned for a month, after a series of acrimonious discussions.—The Paris police have obtained evidence of several dastardly Anarchist plots.—The American railway strike has come to an end. President Cleveland has decided to appoint a Commission to investigate the cause of the labour troubles.

Saturday.

The American strikers find themselves in a sorry plight. Mr. Pullman has published a statement explaining the attitude of his company to the strike. While not definitely declining to submit the dispute to arbitration, he urges that it would be unbusinesslike to consent to an arbitration that might decide to run the works at a loss. Martial law has been established at Sacramento, but the strike leader, Knox, refuses to order the strike off in California.—At a meeting of the Cobden Club a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone, who lamented that the doctrine of Free Trade had lost ground, and that this country remained almost a solitary witness to it.—The Official Receiver dealt with the bankruptcy of Lord Francis Hope, who has gross liabilities of £657,942, of which £58,529 are expected to rank, and an estimated surplus of £115,391. His Lordship is only eight-and-twenty.—Minnie Palmer appeared in the Divorce Court, for her husband, "Yours merrily, Jno. Rogers," declares that "My Sweetheart" has been somebody else's sweetheart. The question to-day was one of domicile. Minnie wore an electric-blue velvet Tam o' Shanter hat tilted on her golden curls.—The Atlantic steamer rates war continues, and to-day the American Line announced a reduction of steamer fare from London, Liverpool, and Queenstown to any of their American ports to thirty-six shillings for adults, including outfit. This rate is unprecedented in the trade.—The French National Fête was ruined by rain at Paris.—A plot has been discovered to destroy Toulon Arsenal.—Professor Helmholtz has had a stroke of paralysis, affecting his left side.—"Twelfth Night" was given as a pastoral play in the grounds of Pelican House College, Champion Hill, S.E., by the same distinguished cast as recently performed the comedy at the Albany Club. Mr. Alexander Watson and Miss Mabel Harrison obtained great success respectively as Malvolio and Olivia. The weather, fortunately, added to the pleasure of the entertainment.

Sunday.

President Casimir-Perier received a deputation of the former officers of the Mobs of the Aube, with whom he fought during the Franco-German campaign, and he was presented with a bronze bust, representing military courage, executed by Paul Dubois. The President invited his old comrades to hold the annual dinner of the corps in the Elysée.—A circumstantial story is told of an attempt, which was frustrated, to kidnap Madame Carnot, who was to be kept as a hostage until the liberation of Emile Henry.—The cholera outbreak in St. Petersburg is on the increase, and public prayers were offered to-day to stay its progress.—An international regatta was held at Hamburg.—The Feast of Sir Thomas More, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Henry VIII., was celebrated at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Cadogan Street. A portion of the hair shirt which he is said to have worn next his skin was exhibited during the day.

Monday.

The royal baby was christened in the drawing-room at White Lodge this afternoon, the officiating clergy being the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, who was the Duchess of York's tutor, and Canon Dalton, who was tutor to the Duke of York. Water taken from the Jordan was used, and the child, among a string of other names, was called Edward Albert. The Queen returned to Windsor in the evening.—Dr. John Williams has received a baronetcy.—Lord Penrhyn, in commemoration of the royal visit to Wales, is allowing his tenantry an abatement of 20 per cent. on the half-year's rents.—A marble bust of Keats, sculptured by Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, and subscribed for by Americans, was unveiled in the old Parish Church of Hampstead, Mr. Gosse accepting the gift on behalf of English men of letters.—It is stated that several Anarchists have been arrested at Avignon, Montpellier, and Perpignan.—Oreste Lucchesi, the man who is supposed to have murdered Signor Bandi, the Leghorn editor, has been arrested. He admits his identity, but denies that he committed the crime.

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London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	10 0	10 35	2 20	7 30	8 0	8 30	10 40
Edinburgh	3 5	6 30	8 45	10 50	4 5	4 25	6 0	8 47
Glasgow	5 15	7 55	10 25		5 55	5 55	7 55	10 10
Craigendran Pier (for West Coast Steamers) ...	5 34		7 31	7 31	8 50	11 19
Oban	8 38	...	4 45		9 25	9 25	12 14	4 48
Perth	5 58	8 0	10 30		5 25	5 33	7 40	10 50
Dundee	6 10	8 10	10 35		5 46	5 46	8 50	11 18
Aberdeen	8 40	10 5	12 30		7 35	7 35	11 0	1 35
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Inverness	6 10		10 40	11 5	2 40	6 5

A. On Week-days.

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D. Week-days and Sundays.

E. Not run to Craigendran Pier, Oban, or Ballater on Sunday mornings.

F. On Week-days, but the Train on Saturday nights will not run north of Berwick.

* Will go through to Oban until Aug. 31 inclusive.

It is expected that the North British Company's new West Highland line between Glasgow, Helensburgh, and Fort William will be opened about the middle of July. Tourist and other through tickets will be issued.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager,
Great Northern Railway.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager,
North-Eastern Railway.

July, 1894.

THE YALE TEAM.

The Yale University team who met Oxford University at Queen's Club in a special athletic tournament on Monday was captained by W. O. Hickok. This American athlete stands over six feet in height, is a member of the University football team, and weighs 15 stone. He is best known in the States as a hammer-thrower of remarkable ability, 124 ft. 1 in. being accredited to him. Alexander Brown runs his captain extremely hard in both events. During the present year E. H. Cady has been generally accepted as the most speedy athlete of Yale College. J. E. Morgan, the miler, has in his time defeated Orton, the Canadian and A.A.U. champion mile runner, covering the distance in 4 min. 27 sec.

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CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Our amateur riders complain that sufficient scope is not given them by racecourse managers to show off their art. True, at the Bibury Club Meeting, Lewes, Sandown, and at one or two north-country fixtures races are promoted for gentleman riders only; but at big fixtures like Ascot and Newmarket the amateur is not encouraged. Exactly; but if the public demand laid in the direction of races with amateur riders up, the supply would be forthcoming. At present, however, the form shown in these events is simply inexplicable: thus the public dislike of them.

Lord Dudley has given up racing for yachting, so has Lord Lonsdale, and the Earl of Dunraven preferred sailing the Valkyrie to seeing Molly Morgan win. Lord Rosslyn now goes in for shooting and fishing. The Duke of Portland would not miss the chance of landing a 30 lb. salmon to see Amiable win the St. Leger, and even Mr. H. McCalmont would just as soon see a rowing race as a Derby. Lord Rodney, seemingly,

It is rather strange that a bookmaker should be sent to prison for betting in this country, while the Government receives annually a large revenue from postal orders and stamps used to send money to the commission agents on the Continent. One of the foreign firms employs forty clerks, and I believe thousands of letters are despatched to England daily. To the credit of the majority of the Continental firms, it should be stated that they give their clients perfect satisfaction, though it must be noted that the money the agents earn is a direct loss to our racecourses, as it is spent on the Continent.

Mr. Charles Hannam, who is one of our biggest plungers on the Turf, and who lost over £25,000 at Ascot, which, by-the-bye, he paid out with a smile, is a 'cute man of figures, and is, I should say, one of the clearest-headed men to be met with on the Turf. Mr. Hannam made a pile of money some few years back, simply, as a big bookmaker told me some time back, by his wonderful judgment.

Some of the costumes worn by gentlemen who go racing are fearful and wonderful. Brown holland suits are passable, but when, as was the



ISINGLASS (T. LOATES UP).—FROM A PAINTING BY H. T. LUCAS LUCAS.

has tired of the sport of kings, although he keeps a breeding stud, and now we are told that the Dowager Duchess of Montrose intends really and truly to retire from the Turf.

According to present calculations, the racing at Goodwood will not be over-exciting, although in some of the two-year-old events we are promised a sight of some *débutantes*. Matchbox will, if started, win the Sussex Stakes. Barmecide may capture the Cup, for which he has been saved, and Pastorella is fancied for the Richmond Stakes. We shall probably see Adderley once more in the race for the Rous Memorial Stakes. This colt is smart, and I believe the Duke of Westminster thinks highly of him.

Many of the gay young plungers are searching for a good outsider to beat Ladas in the St. Leger. This is just what the bookmakers want. They complain that the classic events are no good to them, as in nine out of ten of these events the winner is foretold, and nothing but the winner is backed. Just now, however, big money is going on Matchbox, Amiable, Lady Minting, and even None the Wiser for the St. Leger of '94; but, in my opinion, not one of the horses named have the slightest chance of lowering the colours of Ladas if he reaches the post fit and well. Lord Rosebery's colt will, I feel certain, make a hack of all opposition on the Doncaster track.

case at a recent meeting, a sport who is a member of all the swell clubs decks himself out in a suit of a sort of bed-tick pattern it is time to laugh. The jockeys affect lawn-tennis trousers and the newest pattern in hats, and some of them look much better in undress uniform than they do in silk. The bookmakers cannot forsake their loud checks, their paste diamonds, and their fearful headgear.

Ought owners of horses to receive free passes for every meeting at which they have animals running? I say decidedly, "Yes," and, what is more, every meeting should provide free stabling, free fodder, and, in addition, should house and feed the stable-lads free of charge. As it is, owners, who are, after all, only running for their own money, are bled too freely for the benefit of racecourse shareholders, and the time to retaliate has, I think, arrived.

Gatwick Races take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, and the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway are making special arrangements to deal with the traffic. There will be cheap fast trains leaving Victoria at 11.45 and 12.10 in the forenoon, calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) at 11.40 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge at 11.55 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., and from Brighton at 12.30 p.m. A special fast train (first-class only) leaves London Bridge at 12.40 p.m.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.—I.

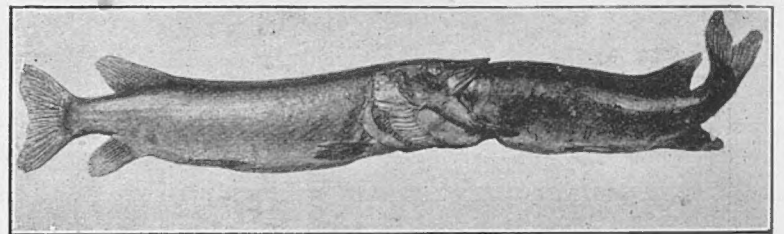
I suppose there are Englishmen who still cherish the notion that the French are our sworn and implacable foes. You meet club oracles who are great on the instability of the French character, the lack of self-control, of sober decision, and of the other qualities of which we have an insular monopoly. But during the last week or two this tradition has been rather badly shaken. We have all been paying glowing tributes to the solid strength of France, the integrity and intrepidity of her statesmen, the courageous restraint of her popular opinion, and the rest of the shining distinctions hitherto reserved for British enjoyment. And that old belief about the inexorable hatred of the French towards this country is also getting groggy at the knees. In the abstract, no doubt, we are perfidious Albion still. The sudden disappearance of that idea would mean intellectual bankruptcy to some Parisian journalists. No reasonable Englishman wishes to rob any Frenchman, even the most scatterbrained, of his means of livelihood; and to take away this bogey of our sinister island would simply swell the ranks of Parisian mendicancy. But no narrow view of patriotism prevented the French sportsman from putting his money on Matchbox—Matchbox, as the French ladies called him—and when my inexperienced eye failed to detect any space between the nose of the English horse and the nose of the French horse, as they swept past the enclosure full of Bourget's heroines, a neighbour explained to me, with subdued national pride, that the French nose had won the Grand Prix. His pride was subdued, I surmised, because the betting of six to four on Matchbox had told a delusive tale. My own withers were unwrung, for I had done no business with the *pari-mutuel*—an institution conducted with such decorous, not to say religious, ceremony that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes might have mistaken it for an ecclesiastical department collecting donations for the poor. But I was chiefly impressed by the fact that the French cannot carry on their sport—nor, indeed, their literature and art—without the help of the English language. My mother tongue greeted me everywhere. The night of the Grand Prix there was the customary rejoicing at the Jardin de Paris. I found it advertised as "The Ball of Great Price." I felt at that moment that the society of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes would have been distinctly precious. He only could have justly appreciated the exquisite fantasy of this Scriptural allusion. There were many pearls of great price, I have no doubt, at the Jardin de Paris that evening. Then, in the illustrated catalogue of the Salon I perceived that some industrious person had translated all the titles of the pictures into English. One dainty little canvas, representing a Venus surrounded by little loves, was called "Voilà le Plaisir!" It figured in English as "This Way for Pleasure!" As for the newspapers and the novels, they were Anglicised with the same idiomatic grace. In Marcel Prévost's "Les Demi-Vierges," the latest literary sensation of Paris, a gentleman of irreproachable education declines to drive to the Opéra after dinner because he prefers "un peu de footing." I declare that when I passed the statue of Joan of Arc I observed distinct signs of irritability in the attitude of that bellicose maid. This new English invasion of France is so subtle and widespread that it is high time some invincible Joan were inspired to combat it by mysterious "voices" from the French Academy.

Dreading the Théâtre Français, lest I should hear Corneille in the vernacular of Mr. Toole, I hied me to the Divan Japonais, described in "Gil Blas" as "un café souterrain, ni divan ni Japonais," where I was politely referred from the bureau to a military-looking gentleman seated in a side office, and beaming at me through a glass door. He explained that, owing to the objections of the Censure to a little piece he had produced, he was obliged to issue invitations to those who were good enough to pay him a visit. Monsieur was English? Ah! he had a dear friend, a member of Parliament, whose name sounded so unfamiliar that it might have been Japanese. My affable host was an ex-Communist colonel, Maxime Lisbonne, once a notable paladin of revolution, now engaged in defying the Censure and propagating *le nouveau esprit* of the drama in subterranean cafés. Who could be his dear friend in the House of Commons? Did Mr. Keir Hardie or Mr. William Saunders ever dally with the new spirit in the Divan Japonais? Speculation was cut short by the ex-colonel, who handed me a magnificent document, praying the honour of my company, and misspelling my name with irresistible courtesy. I stalked away like a privileged guest, and was a little surprised when an official demanded two francs with prodigious civility. It was a fall from the proclamation of the Commune to two francs, but, after all, the amount was trifling, and what could be more delightful than the affability of Mr. Keir Hardie's—or, possibly, Dr. Tanner's—crony, or a finer stroke of the true simplicity of genius than this method of outmanœuvring the Censure? The interdicted piece was a gruesome story about a *souteneur*, his wretched mistress, whom he kills, and two callous police agents, who shrug their shoulders when they hear the woman's dying scream. Evidently it was the lacerated feelings of the police which had moved the Censure to interfere, and the ex-colonel to the masterly strategy of according me that charming interview, and the entertainment to boot, all for two francs. Was this the whole *nouveau esprit* of the evening? By no means. After "La Grande Blonde" came "Le Coucher d'Yvette," a little comedy in dumb show, of a young woman, whose husband is away at camp, doing his eight-and-twenty days of military duty in the army reserve, while his wife sighs for him in the nuptial chamber, where she undresses and goes to bye-bye. What could be more domestic, more idyllic! True, as the garments are removed one by one, and neatly put away—for she is a model of

order, this housewife—I reflect that possibly the bailies of Glasgow might disapprove of this scene. But, then, it would excite the raptures of Mr. Clement Scott. He would be touched to see that with wifely devotion the lady pens a letter to her husband when she is—well, at the most ethereal stage of *déshabille*. When she blows out the light, you know that in the darkness her thoughts are winging their way to the camp, and that somewhere in the empyrean they will meet her husband's thoughts making the reverse journey, and that a very pretty colloquy will ensue, easily to be imagined by Mr. Scott, who writes such beautiful poems for recitation. "Le Coucher d'Yvette" has a companion picture in "Le Réveil d'une Parisienne" at the Folies-Bergère. Here a lady is aroused in the morning by her *femme de chambre*. After some coquetting, she consents to sit up, drink her little *tasse* of coffee or chocolate, and arrange the affairs of the day with the help of a pack of cards. The cards show that a letter will arrive, no doubt from the gentleman with the moustaches whose portrait is over the toilette-table; and, sure enough, you hear a ting-ting, and a large missive, with a big red seal, is delivered at the door. Then, as the dressing of Madame proceeds, there is more ting-ting, and milliner's boxes arrive, new hats which Madame, now at that stage of robing I have indicated earlier, with, I hope, a chaste reserve, tries on before the mirror. But what are new hats unless someone is standing by to twirl those pictured moustaches in the enthusiasm of admiring survey? The toilette becomes pensive, even sad. The lady sits disconsolately brushing her hair, when the door opens suddenly, and enter the moustaches on tip-toe. They sound a reverential salute on the nape of her white neck. She starts up with a cry, runs across the stage, and then flings herself into the arms of those moustaches *avec empressement*, as the French remark when they wish to suggest a judicious temperature. Risky, do you say? Mr. Bernard Shaw will tell you it is realistic. It is life, as he will prove to you by citing the proper authorities. Indeed, I want to know why the author of "Arms and the Man" should not take this theme, and with a discriminating admixture of economic theory and of incident such as the righteous mutiny of the regiment in which the husband (of course, there will be a husband) is doing his eight-and-twenty days, give us "Charms and the Woman." L. F. AUSTIN.

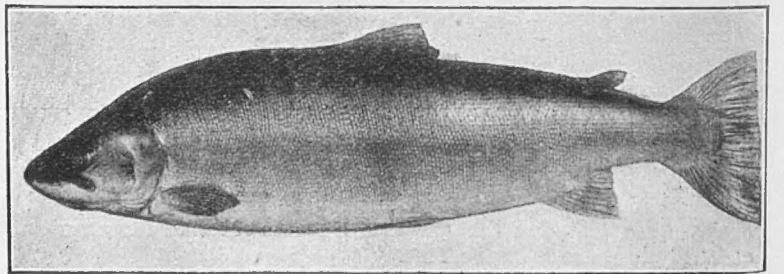
PIKE SWALLOWING PIKE.

The amenities of pike life can have no better voucher than that of the late Frank Buckland, through whom we learn that the two amiable creatures here depicted were gaffed in 1870 by the boatmen on Loch Tay



TWO PIKE (19 LB.) CAUGHT IN LOCH TAY, MARCH 30, 1870.

exactly as they now appear. It might be that the one was inquiring within for furnished apartments; but it is more probable that the other found him a stranger and promptly took him in. The performance caused quite a miniature Red Sea on Loch Tay. The two desperadoes



SALMO SALAR (70 LB.) CAUGHT IN THE TAY, JUNE 20, 1870.

attending their own funerals seemed in no hurry to complete the ceremony, for life was not entirely extinct till several hours after their capture, their efforts in life securing to them a decent share of immortality at the cost of no little discomfort and inconvenience, common to such as stride ahead of the beaten track of life. They shared their difficulties to the end, for when gaffed the gaff penetrated the heads of both at once.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



A STAR AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE.

SMALL TALK.

During the residence of the Court at Windsor the Queen has spent the morning of every fine day at Frogmore, driving down from the Castle shortly after nine o'clock, and breakfasting there, usually in a tent on the lawn. Breakfast over, the Queen sets to work in another tent, all the boxes with letters and despatches being sent down in relays from the Castle, where they have been already gone through and arranged for her by Sir Henry Ponsonby. Two mounted grooms are kept busy riding between Frogmore and the Castle with messages and letters, and a little before two o'clock the Queen drives back in time for luncheon.

The Queen occupied a suite of three rooms in the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, which had been specially prepared for her reception, the large dining-saloon, on the opposite side of the corridor, being made use of as an audience chamber. A special bed was sent down for her Majesty's use, and the fittings for the royal apartment were also brought down from London.

The German Emperor has finally decided to reach Cowes Roads this day fortnight, and will be at Goodwood on the Cup Day.

The recent distinguished foreign visitors to Windsor were greatly struck by the magnificence of the royal plate at the Castle. Even the Czarevitch, accustomed to the almost barbaric splendour of the Court functions in his native land, was fain to admit that for solid worth he had never seen the equal of the English plate. The royal plate at Windsor is generally reckoned to be worth about two millions sterling, and it is no unusual thing at a State banquet at the Castle to have plate to the value of half a million in the room. There are two State dinner services, one of gold and one of silver. The gold service was purchased by George IV., and will dine 120 persons; the plates alone of this service cost over £12,000. On State occasions there are usually placed on the dining-table some very beautiful gold flagons, captured from the Spanish Armada, which are now, of course, of priceless value; while the great silver wine-cooler, made by Rundell and Bridge for George IV., and weighing 7000 ounces, always adorns one corner of the apartment. As sideboard ornaments, there are pretty trifles in the way of a peacock of precious stones, valued at £50,000, and a tiger's head from India, with a solid ingot of gold for its tongue and diamond teeth. This wonderful collection of plate is Crown property, which practically means that it belongs to the country, and the Queen has separate collections for use at Balmoral and at Osborne, which belong to herself.

À propos of "La Navarraise," which was performed before the Queen last week, I heard a curious tale concerning its first night. Before the curtain rose, an application was made to Madame Calvé by the representative of an illustrated paper for permission to make a costume-portrait of her. She consented, apparently unaware that it would be a photograph, and came to the green-room when all the arrangements had been made. With her came one of the authors of the book. The lady was posed, and then the photographer suggested lowering the gas, and asked the part-author to strike a match for the flash-light. At this suggestion he looked very grave, and asked Madame Calvé whether she was sure that in striking the light the smoke would not affect her voice. The sensitive artist immediately replied she was certain it would, and refused to be taken till after the performance. The humour of the affair is that, five minutes later, Madame Calvé, in "La Navarraise," was standing on the battle-field in a cloud of smoke and a rattle of musketry, with her sensitive voice entirely unaffected by the din, smell, and smoke!

I think Dr. Percival of Eton has a distinct grievance against Mr. Welldon of Harrow. Mr. Welldon of Harrow has publicly boasted of having held the infant son of the Duke of York in his arms. This means, of course, that the boy, when he arrives at years of indiscretion, ought to be a Harrovian. But why was not Dr. Percival allowed the privilege of dandling the royal baby? Why have we been deprived of the picture of the two head-masters glaring at each other across the cradle, and exchanging such amenities as "Eton? Pooh!" "Harrow? Better a Board-school!"? I don't know how the royal father and mother would have settled the controversy, but it would have been a great opportunity to encourage a favourite British sport by letting Eton and Harrow toss for the illustrious infant.

The sum of £11,000, paid by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture of Lady Betty Delmé—who, by-the-way, was a sister of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, and outlived two husbands, Mr. Peter Delmé and Captain Charles Garnier, R.N., who was drowned in 1796—though the biggest price ever paid for a picture at Christie's, is by no means the biggest price ever paid for an example of the great English portrait-painter. A few years ago there hung in a Welsh country-house a grand canvas by Sir Joshua, the subject of which was the celebrated Beau Brummel with his brother, when boys, in a wooded glade. This was sold by the owner to a London picture-dealer for £2500, was re-sold by him for £12,000, and again changed hands, within a comparatively short time, for the magnificent sum of £15,000. I believe that Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire, so mysteriously stolen from Mr. Agnew, realised the next largest price (£10,100) that has ever been bid at Christie's historic room. This canvas is believed by the knowing ones to be in America—indeed, what purported to be a small portion of it was sent to England, with the intimation that the picture could be redeemed at a price.

Concerning the Valkyrie, sunk after a collision: "Quoth Dunraven, 'Nevermore!'"

The Prime Minister gave a generous entertainment to the inmates of Epsom Workhouse in commemoration of the victory of Ladas. All his guests were *Unionists*.

Some twenty thousand people assembled to fight for the doubtful honour of being the first to cross the new Tower Bridge on the morning on which it was opened to the public. I wonder who was the enthusiastic citizen who came in first, and whether any photographer was present to give his personality to posterity. I remember what a rush there was when Holborn Viaduct was thrown open, and I have in my possession a photo of the first omnibus that was driven over it. The coachman was one Thomas Grayson, who was presented by his passengers with a gold-mounted whip in honour of the event, the date of which was Nov. 8, 1869, and the 'bus was a City Atlas, the noble animals which drew it on this auspicious occasion being a white and a bay. Mr. Grayson, I remember, made a good thing by selling the photographs of himself and his vehicle. He was a cheery, jolly-looking driver, and, for aught I know, may still exercise his honourable calling, but it is many a year since I sat beside him and enjoyed his cheerful conversation.

I know that religious lunatic who haunts Regent Street and Oxford Street. He has frequently shown an interest in the state of my soul, and I have always responded with a pagan repartee. This method is better than that of writing letters to the papers asking where are the police. I am thinking of compiling a small handbook of repartee, especially for the use of old ladies who, when suddenly called upon to state whether they are "saved," are rather disposed to faint. They would find a few forcible phrases in the vernacular much more sustaining than the best smelling-salts. However, when you come to think of it, even a religious maniac may have his public uses. I should like to launch him into the middle of the crowd in Oxford Circus fighting for the omnibus. I should call this an exhibition of naked barbarism if it were not always so well dressed. If the voice of an uncanny-looking cleric were suddenly heard, "Women, are you prepared to die?" it might have some effect in restoring decorum.

The late Mr. Jonas Levy, whose death at an advanced age was announced a few days since, will be missed equally in financial and in Bohemian circles. Those who have had the good fortune to visit Mr. Levy at his house in London, or at Kingsgate Castle, his picturesque residence, that stands out so boldly between Margate and Ramsgate, will remember him as a most genial and entertaining host. Great was Mr. Levy's interest in things theatrical, long his experience of the stage. I have heard him say that his recollections in this respect went back to Edmund Kean, and that he had seen all the great actors and actresses who had flourished during the last half-century. This was, I remember, in connection with the memorable performance of "The Cenci" at Islington, and he added that among them all he could put his finger upon none who could have played the exacting rôle of Beatrice as that admirable artist, Miss Alma Murray, had done. Mr. Levy was deputy chairman of the Brighton Railway, and one of the oldest members of the Savage Club. His shrewd face and wiry figure never seemed to show signs of age, and in the many years I knew him he appeared to grow no older.

Kingsgate Castle, by-the-way, is by no means the antique which it appears from the sea. As a matter of fact, from an antiquarian point of view, it is a mere sham, yet, standing as it does at the summit of a grassy slope, with towers and walls overgrown with ivy, it has at the distance all the effect of an ancient building. "What a beautiful old castle! How many hundred years old is it?" exclaimed a romantic lady tourist to a Margate boatman. "Lor' ma'am, 'tain't more nor twice as old as you," was the blunt reply, "for my grandfather helped to build it." Indeed, these imposing battlements and towers were erected by a certain unpopular nobleman in the reign of George III., of whom the poet Gray wrote these unflattering lines when on a visit to Kingsgate—

Old and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here H—d formed the pious resolution
To struggle a few years and try to mend
A broken character and constitution.

Without being a David Remon, I have discovered two stars, and not in the nebulae of Andromeda, but at the Metropolitan, in Edgware Road. One was Miss Sydney, a graceful dancer, on whose skirts the flags of nations, the portraits of popular Ministers, of Ladas, and of the royal princelet were projected to an enthusiastic reception; and the other was Miss Millie Linden, whose powers of mimicry and youthful years constitute her a rival to Miss Cissy Loftus. These were extra turns, which the management will wisely put into the regular evening bill, as I understand they intend doing. Miss Sydney will dance at Miss Grace Hawthorne's benefit at the Princess's to-morrow (the 19th).

It is only the other month since the Ragged School Union celebrated its jubilee, and drew forth from Mr. Walter Besant such an appreciation as only the founder of the People's Palace could pen. The Union deserves special help. The secretary's appeal for funds (37, Norfolk Street, W.C.) ought to bring him a harvest, for he has a good case.



A DÉBUTANTE (MISS IRENE HOLLAND).
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. PILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

A strange suggestion, made still more curious by the name of its propounder. Mrs. Anna Cushman has hit upon a peculiar way of finding employment for the 3000 American actors and actresses who are now "resting." Things theatrical are, of course, terribly bad across the Atlantic; but not many members of the profession would take kindly to the proposal made by this bearer of the patronymic of the great Charlotte Cushman. The lady, in all seriousness, counsels the Salvation Army to establish a special mission, and organise these 3000 Thespians into "an actors' corps to march against sin." Their trials, she fancies, have "put their souls into excellent condition for the balm of religious consolation." From my knowledge of British theatrical folk, I can confidently gauge the chances of this crack-brained scheme.

Dover will soon be equipped with a new School of Art, the foundation-stone having been laid not long ago by Lady Crundall, the wife of the Mayor, Sir W. H. Crundall.

The school was first established in 1870, and was supported for many years by voluntary contributions. In 1892 it was taken over by the Corporation, who decided to build a new school at a cost of from £11,000 to £12,000. There is an especial interest about Sir William Crundall, who is Mayor of Dover for the sixth year in succession. He has so ably filled this important office that his fellow-townsmen have thus shown their appreciation. To him has fallen many official duties, in the reception of famous visitors to our shores, and all these he has discharged with admirable tact.



Photo by L. Weston and Sons, Dover.

SIR W. H. CRUNDALL, MAYOR OF DOVER.

the arenas of Madrid, compels comparison between the methods of regulating bull-fights in Lisbon and Madrid. About the rights or wrongs of such forms of entertainment I have very little to say. They exist, and are largely patronised—that is enough for my present purpose. There is, however, a vast difference in the spectacle as seen in the respective capitals of Spain and Portugal. In the former, the bulls are often killed *coram populo*; in the latter this is never the case. In Lisbon the bull's horns are tipped with metal balls at the top; in Madrid they are left alone. Again, in Lisbon the matador, when he has mesmerised the animal, restores it to consciousness with a blow or drive from a wooden sword; in Madrid he gives the animal the *coup de grâce* with a steel one. It is not at all an uncommon thing in Spain for horses in the arena to be disembowelled by a stroke of the bull's horn; in Lisbon, the protection renders it impossible. Of course, there is a deal of brutality about the entertainment, but it is no worse than I have many a day seen in England on and about September and October, when shooting is well in force. In fact, there is far more sport in watching the nimble toreador and the infuriated bull than in participating in the wholesale slaughter of defenceless birds.



Photo by L. Weston and Sons, Dover.

LADY CRUNDALL, MAYORESS OF DOVER.

One of the great heroes of the Lisbon arenas is the toreador Peixinho. He is an extraordinarily skilful marksman, and, perhaps, derives his name, which is Portuguese for "little fish," from an instrument he often uses in the ring. This is a small iron stick, with a pointed end. He will toss this with unerring aim at a bull which is the length of the ring away. It is, however, at the close of the entertainment that the popularity of Peixinho is, or used to be, evinced. When the last bull had been taken away, people would throw their hats into the ring, and he, like the common or circus clown, would throw them back on to the respective heads of the spectators, seldom missing one; then, amid thunders of applause, enthusiastic admirers would throw bouquets or boxes of cigars and cigarettes into the ring, and he would retire, heavily laden with the proceeds of popularity. Another of the shining lights of Lisbon is Tinoco, most daring of toreadors. I should very much like to indulge in reminiscences of bull-fights in the great homes of the sport—if sport it be—but I shall, I hope, be on the spot in a few short weeks, and will then treat of it at length, with more attention to the local colour than is possible under present circumstances, when distance of time and place lends a lustre which is not, perhaps, fairly due to the scenes.

No sooner had I posted my last week's instalment of adventures than I hurried off as fast as was inconveniently possible to the Thames. Henley was attracting a mixed multitude, but I was not one of them, and left the regatta region miles behind. Late in the afternoon those who looked might have seen me fishing for the festive perch by Benson Lock, some eighteen miles below Oxford. The weather was dull and the fish were hungry, so that the sport was of the best. I don't think more than three people came within sight of us during the afternoon, what time I gave Nimrod a start and a beating. When we started off the attendance improved, for a crowd of haymakers came to the banks to watch our boat. I thought they were attracted by my University form, but, when near enough to catch their remarks, found that I was mistaken. Half-way home we stopped to look at a pretty sunset as it has been my good luck to see for a very long time. Two water-rats came out to see it, and then forgot the beauties of Nature in an absurd quarrel about a little piece of straw. A tiny little kingfisher started out for a look round before retiring for the night, and sundry large fish threw themselves out of the water in their delight at the fact that I had packed up my rod. Altogether, it was rural and idyllic, and I meditated breaking out into verse. Unfortunately, before I could turn on the lyric tap I caught an unmistakable "crab," and the friend of my chest made disparaging remarks. Of course, my flow of language was quite as strong as his, and the result could not by any possible means be termed poetry.

Perhaps the strangest view of the river is presented in the very early morning, a time when I am seldom abroad. However, for once I determined to get up early, and hearing that the fish fed regularly outside the mill-stream, I rose at 4.15 a.m. I could not get my boat at that hour, so walked the mile and a half, getting thoroughly chilled by the dew. The sight of the river proved a recompense for my trouble. A heavy white mist hung all over it, shot through here and there by the very earliest rays of the sun, while Father Sol himself, apparently not more than a hundred yards above the horizon, stared in a state of dazzling yellow sulkiness, as though incensed at having to get up so early. There was not a soul to be seen, and a moment's reflection convinced me that probably I did not possess one friend in the world awake. Nevertheless, fishing for big fish when the day is very young indeed, and the usual sounds of life are absent, is a novel experience, and by no means an unpleasant one. When I returned heavily laden at about half-past eight the dew had disappeared, the sun was blazing and looking in a much better temper, while most of the few fish I had left in the river were floating near the surface gasping for breath.

While spending the last evening of my visit on the river, my Muse visited me, and I committed the following, which I hereby dedicate to graceful Mlle. Cora, of Empire fame—

I thought of you when dawn in misty light
Shot golden arrows at the farthest shore;
You would have made the morning seem more bright,
But that the dances of the night before
Had left you tired with triumph. Soft lights bore
Smiles for sad eyes of flowers that wept with dew.
Truly the hour was fair, but not so fair as you.

I thought of you at midday, when the sun
From highest heaven set the earth on fire;
Your charms are like those sun-rays; they have won
My heart, which melts with passionate desire
And love Time cannot dissipate or tire.
Summer seemed sweet to live in, fair to view,
Because its many beauties made me think of you.

I thought of you when lengthening shadows fell,
Calling the distant evening to advance,
And, casting off the country's subtle spell,
I hurried off to town to see you dance.
How well you bore the limelight's searching glance!
I watched your graceful movements, and I knew
That Nature had excelled herself in you.

With regard to the "Song of Chess," which we quoted in our last issue, I am informed that it was translated from the original Hebrew by Miss Nina R. Davis. The poem is attributed to Abraham Ibn Ezra, and apparently the moves in the game have hardly changed since the eleventh century, when the author was living.

I had a fine study in back-hair last Wednesday afternoon, for I arrived in the middle of M. Paderewski's recital in the new music-room of Messrs. Erard. The handsome chamber was crowded to excess with leading members of the aristocracy and of the musical profession, and it was a delightful puzzle to guess the owners of the backs of heads which I surveyed from the end of the room. The first successful guess that I made was an easy one. You cannot fail to recognise the tall figure of Mr. Kuhe. But who was that young lady with the charming picture-hat? Could it be Miss Evangeline Florence, who has so often pleased us with the singing of Mr. Henschel's "Spring"? She turns her head, and I find I am right. Not far in front of her I saw Madame Melba,



M. PADEREWSKI.—MISS ALICE M. CHAPLIN.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy. This has been purchased by the Princess of Wales.

listening eagerly to the great Polish pianist, and up in the front was the ex-Governor of Bombay, Lord Reay. The curly white hair of Signor Alberto Randegger soon led me to recognise his presence, and quite close to him stood Mr. George Alexander. The front row of what I was about to call "stalls" in this ideal concert-room was occupied by many distinguished people, including the Duke of Sermoneta. Standing in the portal—a picture of an English courtier framed, as it were, by the doorway—was Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., whose head always reminds me of the noble capital of a Corinthian pillar. But I must stop my catalogue of names. M. Paderewski was in very fine form, and seemed not to tire in the least of his playing, and certainly we did not. A well-known London editor remarked to me that he seemed capable of playing for any number of hours without diminution of vigour. The beautiful premises of Messrs. Erard have thus received their baptism from the hands of music and fashion.

The success of Mr. Percy Nottcutt's admirable idea—a Musical Exchange for business and pleasure—seems assured. The handsome premises at 16, George Street, Hanover Square, were thronged for hours on Tuesday, the 10th, when an "At Home" inaugurated the existence of the Musical Exchange. Upstairs, a long list of popular singers showed their sympathy with the scheme by giving what is likely to be the first of many enjoyable concerts. I was fortunate enough to hear Madame Alice Gomez at her best, Messrs. Alexander and David Tucker sing excellently a humorous duet, "The Beggars," and Miss Clara Butt gracefully supplementing her solo with another selection. On all sides you heard praises of Mr. Nottcutt's thoughtful arrangements, and every other face you saw was that of a musician. Here artists will find the conveniences of a club with the advantage of a businesslike centre in their profession. Madame Antoinette Sterling is the lady president, and the membership of the Musical Exchange is already large.

One of the most enjoyable "At Homes" of the season was that given last Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Lennox Browne, wife of the celebrated throat specialist. The excellent music, mostly sung by artists of the opera, was remarkable, inasmuch as four eminent tenors succeeded each other on the miniature platform erected in one of the fine drawing-rooms of Mansfield Place. MM. Alvarez and Bonnard, fresh from their successes at Windsor Castle, gave simple French songs with perfect art; Mr. Ben Davies delighted his admirers with "I'll sing thee songs of Araby"; and M. Guetary's Neapolitan tarantelle was received with enthusiasm. Whether it was due to a hint from the doctor, I can't say, but certainly

it was very pleasant to find that the operatic artists did not follow the usual rule of giving scraps from the operas. The singing by Alvarez of some French pure lyric songs might serve as a valuable lesson in the art of delicate expression to many of our drawing-room tenors. It seems a pity that a singer of the calibre of Mr. Ben Davies should go on singing indefinitely Frederic Clay's popular melody, seeing how many beautiful English songs remain for ever neglected. The madrigal from "Romeo et Juliette" was delightfully rendered by M. Alvarez and the new Australian soprano, Madame Frances Saville.

The annual "Cry of the Children" in this summer weather, when everyone who can is making arrangements to leave London, arises from the crowded streets and alleys, where the little ones pine for a look at the country. Those who have ever assisted a little Londoner to the delights of the country know what a good investment it has been, and how the generous deed adds another drop to one's own cup of happiness. Half-a-sovereign sent to the Treasurer of the Children's Fresh Air Mission, Onslow Street Schools, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., will enable a little one to experience the overwhelming delight of a fortnight's visit to some hamlet, where all the sights and scenes will refresh and refine, and cause him or her ever afterwards to "babble o' green fields." In this particular case, more especially as our English summer is fleeting, he who gives quickly gives twice.

A comic volume might be written on University etiquette. If all that one hears be true, the Dean of Christ Church had overwhelming evidence about the complicity of the Bullingdon men in the recent window-breaking, but it was contrary to etiquette to publish it. I have heard of a case in which the whole college was "sent down" (except the men who were in the schools) because somebody had screwed up a Don in his rooms. The day after the sentence the Don and the actual culprit, who was one of the men excepted from the penalty, were seen walking in the most friendly way round the "quad." The Don knew perfectly well what had happened, but it was not etiquette to tax his companion with guilt. What is the use of applying the ordinary standards of morals or criticism to such a system?

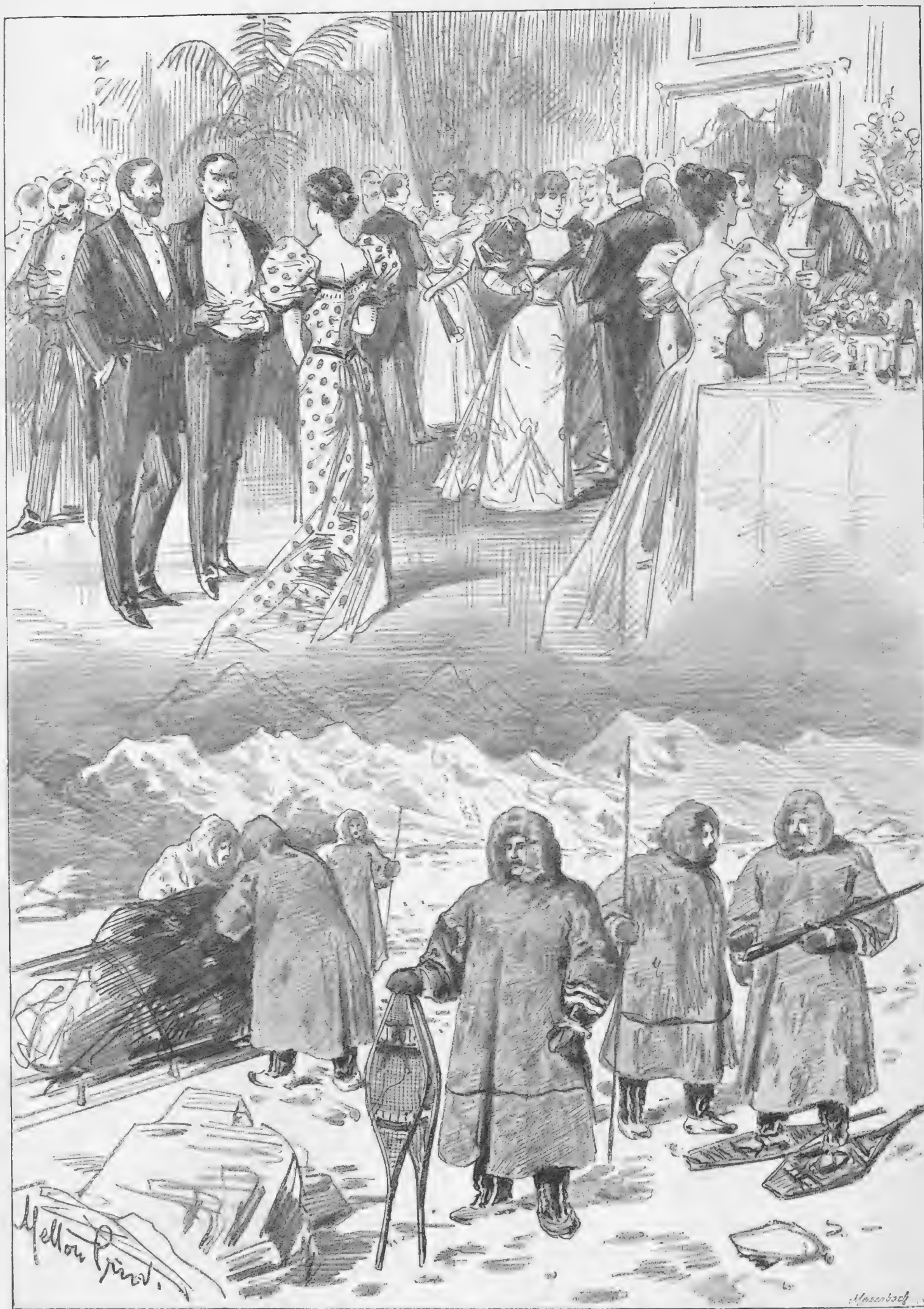
I have had the pleasure of giving the portraits of various members of the lively company who have been engaged in entertaining so many



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS MAUD LOCKETT AS DAISY WEDDERBURN IN "GO-BANG."

thousands with "Go-Bang." The rôle of Daisy Wedderburn is a small one, but Miss Maud Lockett is so graceful that her features are herewith reproduced.



THE POLAR EXPEDITION: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XXII.—MR ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, FOUNDER AND EDITOR OF THE "ANSWERS" PUBLICATIONS.

Any series of articles on the journalists of to-day would be incomplete without some mention of the small band of brilliant young men who have written their names high on the roll of the Fourth Estate. In the front



MR. ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

rank of this younger generation is Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, the founder and principal proprietor of *Answers* and the seven other journals issued from his buildings in Tudor and Whitefriars Streets.

Mr. Harmsworth was born at Chapelizod, County Dublin, only twenty-eight years ago. He comes of a race of lawyers and parsons, and looks like a gentleman of the long robe. He has a clear-cut, senatorial face, crowned with an abundance of fair hair which tumbles mutinously over his left temple. He is the eldest son of a well-known barrister, who was for many years one of the counsel of the Great Northern Railway Company. With the intention of following in his father's footsteps, he was educated for the Bar, but literature lassoed him before he had emerged from his teens. He abandoned his University course, and entered heart and soul into journalism. Whether this was a loss to law, one cannot say, but those who know him well think that, with his natural abilities, his incisive, logical mind, and his Celtic gift of speech, he would eventually have been as distinguished at the Bar as he is now in the domain of journalism.

A *Sketch* representative found him, a few days ago, at his new offices in Tudor Street. Once a week Mr. Harmsworth leaves his pretty home at St. Peter's, Kent, and comes to London to see how his affairs are going on. The infrequency of his visits does not indicate any want of interest in the enterprise. He exercises the keenest supervision over each department, and shares with his brother Harold the superintendence of the fast-expanding establishment.

In these days popular journals are far more powerful than the philosopher's stone. There is nothing to equal the transmuting influence of a penny paper which sells by hundreds of thousands each week. With one of these journals as the foundation, Mr. Harmsworth, whose first editorial work was under the direction of Sir William Ingram, has built up in six years a business making a gigantic annual profit. *Answers* itself was last year turned over to a limited company for £275,000, and the shareholders are receiving a dividend of 15 per cent. Though still growing rapidly, it now forms but a fraction of the venture as a whole. Such a rapid and astonishing success is unprecedented in journalism,

and as we sit smoking in his dainty office Mr. Harmsworth tells me how he and his brothers have achieved it.

"We started *Answers*," he says, "in 1888, in what was probably the smallest office of its kind in London. That was the day of small things. We had a small office, a small capital, and, to make the coincidence complete, a small circulation—for a time. Slowly but surely, however, the paper increased in the estimation of the public. We then engaged another room, and began to breathe more freely—commercially and physically.

"After rather more than a year's hard work, the circulation had gone up to 78,000 per week. At that time there was a mania for prize competitions. A bold stroke was necessary, and we made it. We offered one pound per week for life to the man, woman, or child who could guess on a postcard the amount of the Bank of England's return for a certain week.

"The effect was electrical. From 78,000 the circulation went up to 205,000 copies weekly in six weeks. My office was inundated with postcards from people who wanted to win the prize. The competition became the talk of the kingdom, and when the eventful day arrived on which the notice was posted the Bank of England was surrounded by a surging crowd. The excitement was tremendous.

"Who won it? A sapper in the Royal Engineers. Yes, he is living yet, and drawing his money regularly. When the prize fell into his hands he married his sweetheart at once. Since then prize-giving has ceased to attract. Instead of increasing the sale of popular journals, prizes appear to injure them. Our circulations have trebled since we dropped them.

"We have never looked behind since that time," went on Mr. Harmsworth. "When, with the support of the clergy and the public, *Answers* had been placed on a firm, paying basis, we started our first halfpenny humorous journal. That was an instantaneous success. A circulation of 200,000 was obtained in a few weeks. Seeing that the public were really anxious for cheap, amusing pictorial literature without vulgarity, we issued two others of the same class, and, I am happy to say, they have beaten their parent in circulation.

"Then we turned our attention to the ladies. Every young man does so at some time of his life. We wooed them, not in single spies, but in battalions. Yes; call us literary Lotharios, if you like. We have now 200,000 ladies regularly buying *Forget-Me-Not* and *Home, Sweet Home*. The success of the first-named journal was far more rapid than *Answers*. It jumped into instant popularity."

"Your aggregate circulation must be tremendous," I said, remembering that a few weeks previously Mr. Harmsworth had issued two halfpenny high-class story-books for boys, of which I had heard some 300,000 weekly were sold.



MR. HAROLD HARMSWORTH.

"Yes; it is. Our printing order each week," said Mr. Harmsworth, with justifiable pride, "is the biggest periodical printing order in the world. The circulations of our papers average 1,750,000 copies weekly. Stay!"—as Mr. B. W. Young, the publisher, entered the room—"here are the actual figures for this week, 1,769,000 (one million seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand). There! You will agree with me that that is the largest printing order in the world." We claim, also, to be

the day when he will issue ten million copies weekly from his establishment.

"There is no reason," he says, "why *Tit-Bits*, *Answers*, and *Pearson's Weekly* should not each have a circulation of a million copies weekly. In four years our own total circulation has gone up to nearly two millions, and I think we can easily double these figures every year by the employment of unlimited capital and by the many novel enterprises



AN OCTAGONAL HOUSE.



A TENT.

among the largest supporters of authors and artists and newsagents. Between £10,000 and £15,000 per annum finds its way into the pockets of our literary and artistic friends.

In the course of the next few minutes I learned that the founder of this large publishing business is the eldest of eleven children, several of whom are associated with him in his various enterprises. In 1889 the outlook was so promising that his brother, Mr. Harold Harmsworth, left an excellent appointment at the Board of Trade to undertake the financial direction of the concern. Like the poet, the manager-journalist is born, not made, and Mr. Harold Harmsworth, although he had only just emerged from his teens, fell naturally into this new sphere. He showed an immediate aptitude for the work, and in his hands the business expanded with marvellous rapidity. He has the entire financial management of an establishment employing several hundreds of people, and but for his effective assistance Mr. Alfred Harmsworth believes the business could not have grown to its present dimensions.

Since that time the parent paper has given birth to many vigorous sons and daughters, some of whose names I have quoted, and, as new journals were projected, other Harmsworths joined the firm. In 1890, after a brilliant University career, Mr. Cecil B. Harmsworth became an assistant to his brother in the control of the literary department. This position he occupies to-day with singular tact and ability. Two years later, Mr. Leicester Harmsworth became associated with *Forget-Me-Not*, in the conduct of which he has displayed gifts which indicate that journalism runs in the family. Other brothers, who have also shown

which are awaiting the proper moment for development. We have a loyal and remarkably able staff, drawn from the best of recruits from both of the 'Varsities.'

Although Mr. Harmsworth finds a fascinating hobby in Polar work, he is devoted to pursuits of a less adventurous nature. He is an enthusiastic angler, traveller, and bibliophile. A well-stocked trout stream has attractions for him which he cannot resist. He loves the sport of gentle Izaak, finding it a reposeful recreation after a week's literary work. He has just returned from a tarpon-fishing expedition to Southern Florida, where Mrs. Harmsworth shared with him some exciting sport in the Everglades.

THE JACKSON-HARMSWORTH EXPEDITION TO THE POLE.

It is the success of *Answers* that has enabled Mr. Alfred Harmsworth to fit out the expedition which, under the direction of Mr. F. G. Jackson, left the Thames on Wednesday on the famous whaler, the *Windward*, on a voyage of Arctic discovery. Mr. Harmsworth has been fascinated by the great mystery of the North since boyhood, and he has found in Mr. Jackson an able explorer. Mr. Jackson believes that, by way of Franz Josef Land, there exists a practical course as far north as the highest latitude ever attained, and probably still farther. The expedition is thus a land one, the *Windward* being used only for the purpose of taking the explorers to Franz Josef Land, where they will be left to work inland, the vessel returning to London. Scientific work, and not mere sensationalism, will be its aim, thus giving it an importance that it might otherwise lack.

Mr. Jackson, though only four-and-thirty, has seen a great deal of exploration work. It was only last year that he sledged a distance of 4000 miles through the dreary Tundra country, which abuts on the Kara and Barents Seas. He has an able staff with him. Mr. Albert Armitage, who goes as astronomer, is a second officer in the P. & O. service, from which he has been granted leave of absence. The botanist, Mr. H. Fisher, is the Botanical Curator to the Museum, University College, Nottingham. Mr. J. E. Child is the mineralogist, engineer, and photographer. Mr. William Topley, F.R.S., is geologist, and Captain Schlosshauer, the sailing master, is a fine specimen of the best class of sailor. The ice-master is John Crowther, who so successfully navigated the Leigh Smith party to Franz Josef Land; while Mr. Montefiore accompanies the explorers as far as Archangel in the capacity of secretary.

The equipment of the expedition is one of its most interesting points. The *Windward* carries with her for the consumption of the

land party alone 17,619 lb. of meat, consisting of beef, mutton—roast, boiled, steaks, &c.—sheep's tongues, Cambridge sausages, roast veal, tripe and onions, concentrated meat juice, essence of beef, beef-tea, &c.; vegetables, over a ton; and of compressed cabbage, carrots, turnips, and celery, the greater part of a ton; concentrated forms of meat-soup, over 600 lb. In the shape of fish, there are 1000 lb. of "fresh herrings,"



A REINDEER SLEIGH.

marked journalistic tendencies, are now at school and the University, fitting themselves to assist in the development of this great and growing undertaking for the publication of bright and healthy literature.

There is an old saying that when a man has made a million it is comparatively easy to make another. Mr. Harmsworth fully believes in its application to periodical journalism. He looks confidently forward to



MR. F. G. JACKSON,
The Leader.

a similar quantity of Findon haddocks, and 500 lb. of most delectable "sardines with tomatoes," not to mention tongues, sausages, bacon, and 1000 lb. of excellent ham. All these things, of course, are tinned and air-proof.

For ordinary winter wear, Mr. Jackson is to take Samoyard fur clothing. This consists of a heavy overcoat, made of reindeer-skin, an extra heavy overcoat, and long boots. In addition to these there are reindeer-skin sleeping-bags, and a number of reindeer-skin blankets—large squares of skin to be wrapped round the person, and arranged to be drawn together at head and foot. Then there is an item of twenty-four deer-skin stockings, twelve pairs of deer-skin boots and trousers in one, twenty pairs of Finn boots, sixteen pairs of elk-skin boots, and so on. In addition to furs, there are strong tunics of the best woollen tweed, special gaberdine overalls for wet weather, complete outfits of Jaeger underclothing, leather jackets, woollen stockings, and other items. Close woollen caps will be worn under hoods of fur. Eighteen sledges will be taken. They are made of hard ash-wood, old and well-seasoned. At each end the bow is high, and the side-rails of some are of bamboo. Every sledge is fitted for mast and sails, while the runners are practically the popular "ski," than which nothing yet discovered travels more

rapidly or easily over frozen snow. The houses and shelter which will form the little British colony on Franz Josef Land this winter will be a Russian log-house, to be taken on board at Archangel, and three octagonal inter-communicating houses, built with threefold walls of wood, canvas, and felt.

The explorers are furnished with six whaling boats, which will be their mainstay when the ship has left them in Franz Josef Land. Then there is an aluminium boat, made in sections, with deep collapsible canvas gunwales; a copper boat, similarly made; four very light Norwegian fishing-boats, for purposes of possibly the same character, and a very tough birch-bark canoe for occasional fishing or shooting in open water off the southern coast and elsewhere. The whaling boats range from 20 ft. to 25 ft. in length; the Norwegian boats from 12 ft. to 16 ft. Any one of the boats, except the whaling boats, can be carried on one sledge. The scientific instruments with which the explorers are provided are very extensive.

The Windward first touches at Archangel for stores and four Russian ponies, and at Khabarova for thirty dogs, and probably a



MR. R. KETTLITZ,
Medical Officer.

few Samoyedes. The next stage will be somewhere on the line of the 50th east meridian, the precise course being determined by the lay of the ice. There are about eighty miles of ice south of Franz Josef Land to be encountered, and that country it is hoped to reach early in September. On this coast the stores and provisions will be landed, and a house built in which to pass the first winter. The crew having assisted in this work, the Windward returns to England, probably arriving in October. Mr. Jackson will now be left with his followers. There will not be much time to spare, however, as in those latitudes the sun disappears towards the end of October. On the return of daylight in the spring, the adventurous journey in the unknown North is to be made; dépôts of food are to be established every thirty or forty miles along the Austria Sound route—at all events, as far as Cape Fligely. To use Mr. Jackson's own words, "Past that point our route is shrouded in a certain amount of uncertainty"; but the next object will be Petermann Land, which the explorer believes extends onwards to the Pole. The party may be absent two or four years; may have to winter again and again in high latitudes; may be never, of course, heard of more; may, however, meet Nansen.

The photographs are by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly, W.; J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.; and J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



CAPTAIN SCHLOSSHAUER.



MR. ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.



MR. J. E. CHILD,
Mineralogist and Photographer.



MR. H. FISHER,
Botanist.

IN HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS.*

Mr. Conway's visit to the Karakorams, or Western Himalayas, although, so far as mountaineering went, it resulted only in the ascent of two or three minor peaks, will, we venture to say, be remembered as practically the first shot in a campaign of which no man now living is likely to see the end—the conquest of the greatest mountain group on the face of the earth. The Alps have fallen; the Caucasus has all but fallen; the Andes would have fallen long ago, if the climbing had been more interesting and the weather less vile; but the Himalayas were, to all intents and purposes, untouched. With the exception of one expedition—and that hardly of a serious nature—Mr. Conway's is the first attempt to combine Alpine with Indian methods of travel; to set out with axe, rope, and expert guide, with climbing-irons and "Whymper" tents, and at the same time to take along a hundred or so of native attendants, *shikaris*,



A SAND GLISSADE.

"bearers," and coolies. Perhaps, the most important feature of the expedition, from the point of view of "pure" mountaineering—the terms of science have their parallel here, and we will speak of the "applied" mountaineering presently—was the attempt, in great measure successful, to train a body of native guides. Everyone knows the part which guides have played in what our German brethren call the "unlocking of the Alps"; but, perhaps, everyone does not realise that the first guides were only men of various callings in life—shoemakers, wood-carvers, hunters, and so on, who had felt the attraction of the mountains. All men in mountain countries do not feel this. We once met an intelligent young Tyrolean, who, though born and bred in a valley closed by some of the finest glaciers in the Alps, had never been to see them. But sometimes they do. Such men are the Swiss and Tyrolean; such, too, are the Goorkhas of Nepal, and it was among them that Mr. Conway found his raw material. Four Goorkha soldiers accompanied his party, and three out of the four he predicts, with a little practice, may equal the best Alpine guides. A survey of the mountain region which in this district divides India from Turkestan was made—not, indeed, for the first time—but for the first time by competent mountaineers.

Many of Mr. McCormick's drawings might pass muster as views of Alpine scenes; but that cannot be said of the cut here given. In the rainy mountains of Europe it would not be easy to match the steep gully, floored with "loose slopes of sand and rock," down which the surveying party, after completing its work aloft, had on one occasion to descend—a task necessitating a curious variation on the well-known "glissade" of Alpine climbers—apparently, too, a modification of the attitude usually adopted in that pastime. Whoever tried to glissade over snow in the position assumed by these travellers would soon find that the laws of falling bodies had attained unlimited sway over him.

* "Climbing in the Himalayas." By W. M. Conway. London: Fisher Unwin.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Copies of the first edition of Mr. Norman Gale's "June Romance" being now very scarce, Mr. Over, of Rugby, has issued a second, daintily printed, and the title-page covered with wild roses. Mr. Gale's first prose volume is mostly valued for its poetry, of which there is a good deal, with metre and without. The prose consists of a rather commonplace love story, all crowded into one June. The hero is a rhyming tutor, and the heroine—well, of course, a goddess, but in the shape of a somewhat conventional English girl. The poetry consists of spasmodic bursts on the part of the hero into the region beyond the commonplace, when he transfigures his trim country-house surroundings, his tennis and picnic parties, and the personality of his conventional young lady heroine into something really individual and charming.

Mrs. Gomme has followed up the first of her weighty volumes on children's games in "The Dictionary of Folklore" by a work of lighter character. "Children's Singing Games" (Nutt) chiefly addresses those who prefer playing games to discussing them scientifically. It is artistic enough to please grown-ups, and there are some notes meant for folk-lorists. But it is really a children's picture-book, and a very charming one. The illustrations and designs in black-and-white by Miss Winifred Smith are capital. Mrs. Gomme promises another volume at Christmas-time.

In his lifetime Francis Adams did not, in his writings, at least, show the full range of his powers. A keen and accomplished critic, a fiery politician, with a ready and vigorous pen for attack or defence, he had proved himself to be. His poems, published first in Australia, "Songs of the Army of the Night," were mainly signs of his strong democratic sympathies rather than of a poetic temper. But his drama of "Tiberius," just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, with an introduction by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, reveals an undoubted poet.

Mr. Rossetti, indeed, speaks too cautiously of its merits. It is true he might say stronger things than he does of its demerits, for it is a very unfinished and very imperfect production. Perhaps Adams, with his eager, always-in-a-hurry temperament, had not the perfecting power, and its present form, in which it has been very slightly edited by Mr. Rossetti, may represent as high a level of excellence as it would have reached even had its author lived to publish it himself. But its imperfections do not hinder it from striking the imagination and revealing rare dramatic and poetical conception and expression.

It is quite unactable, I should think, except in parts; but, then, so many tragedies are unreadable, too, and "Tiberius" is not that. Over and over again, when you presumptuously think you would like to mend a line or efface a slovenly passage, you come on something that lifts your heart up. His reading of Tiberius's character as of an Emperor who accepted power in order to punish the Roman aristocracy for their misdeeds against the people is original, and, perhaps, historically all wrong. Indeed, he gives a very latter-day tone to the whole drama, but it adds to our present interest, certainly. Electra, the Greek slave-girl, is delightfully and pathetically brought out, though the best of the minor characters is Thrasyllus, the soothsayer, the friend of Tiberius, who left him in the crowd, himself to pursue the quiet paths of the ideal, and found 'neath serene stars

Nought but insane conceit, childish self-love,
Frenzied delusion, and a sickened soul.

It is a tragedy, a tragedy of ancient history, and written in blank verse, and not even always good blank verse. And yet one dares to recommend it, for there is life in it.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse's "Books and Plays" (Mathews and Lane) are critical essays, mostly reprinted from the *Manchester Quarterly*, on Mr. Meredith's novels and poems, on George Brown, on Ibsen, Turgeneff, and some modern plays. They are excellent reading, for he is a delicate and sympathetic critic, of the kind that thinks a critic's first duty is to understand a writer's intention and point of view. Perhaps he treats Borrow too much as an unread author. Even in circles not at all literary, Borrow has, especially to-day, many readers; and he has no cold ones. The cold ones stop at page 1.

His appreciation of Mr. Meredith will not seem too high to Meredith lovers, and his enthusiasm is of that whole-hearted but inoffensive kind that will not offend the many to whom the novelist is impossible, but may even win them to reconsider their judgments and make one more trial of "The Egoist." Mr. Monkhouse makes excellent points in speaking of the novels, but the most useful part of his appreciation is that devoted to the poems. This is wanted even now. There are countless lovers of poetry mourning the decay of the art to-day who would take to heart again if they knew that for some hard digging they could come on such treasures as Mr. Meredith's verse contains. Most readers need a guide, and Mr. Monkhouse is a good one.

His plea, in his essay on Turgeneff, for a good English edition of the novelist's works is being satisfied now by Mrs. Garnett, who is translating them excellently, and Mr. Heinemann, who is publishing them. Only "Rudin" has as yet appeared. It is one of the finest of Turgeneff's psychological studies, and of great dramatic interest as well. Till now, one has had to read it and the others in French or German, or in highly unsatisfactory English. Mrs. Garnett is going to change all that. Stepniak has written an appreciative introduction to the series, and a portrait of the novelist forms the frontispiece.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA TOSCA."

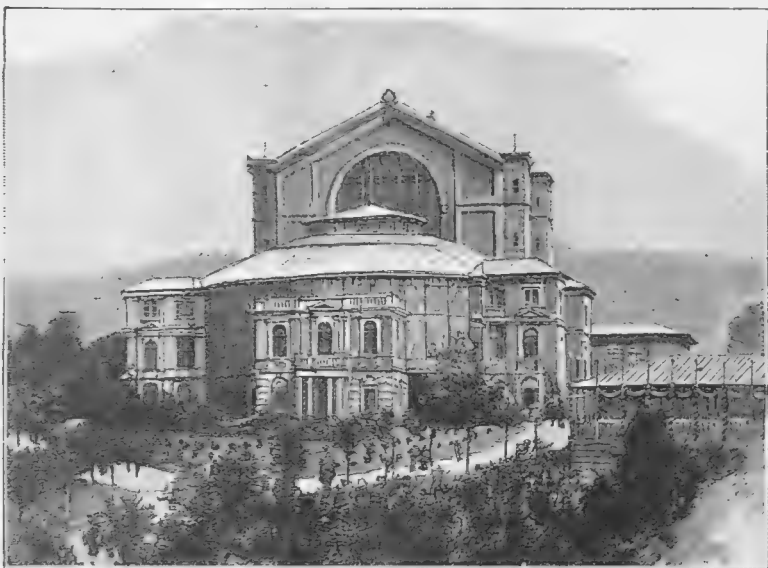
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

ROUND ABOUT BAIREUTH.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL.

To-morrow the doors of the Richard Wagner Theatre will be thrown open, and once again the old "Residenz-Stadt" of the Baireuth-Ansbach Margraves is thronged with musical enthusiasts of every kingdom and nation and language. What proportion of them, living, for the time being, in the dream world of Montsalvat or Kareol, remember that a century and a half ago Baireuth was the art centre of South Germany, the scene of classic *fêtes*, for which even Voltaire sighed, of dramatic triumphs, in which he had a share, on the largest stage in the Empire, and to enjoy which came the fervid, dark-eyed Algarotti, Frederick the Great's "Swan of Padua," "one of the first *beaux-esprits* of the age," "who had written a book on opera, taking it seriously, as a moral school," even as is done in the Baireuth of to-day?

Wilhelmina of Prussia, sister of the Great Frederick, is the genius of Renaissance, as Wagner of nineteenth-century Baireuth. A fair and dainty divinity in powder and patches and paint, in rich brocades, such as still deck the rococo furniture of her palaces—a divinity "shrill and glib," sparkling with wit, as her memoirs show; but, alas! poor ghost, snuffed out by the play-writing son of the Leipzig police inspector, one of the artist caste she so condescendingly patronised. Almost forgotten she lies with her Margrave and her daughter, the Duchess, under the organ of the old Margravia Chapel in the Maximilians Strasse, through which the Wagner pilgrims hurry towards the theatre upon the hill. Yet Wilhelmina has left solid memorials of herself in the Baireuth she did so much to beautify—massive Renaissance piles, glories of rococo



THE WAGNER TEMPLE, BAIREUTH.

work, of old *régime* magnificence, miniature imitations of the *Grand Monarque's* splendours of Versailles, such as the German princelets of the eighteenth century loved to ape ere the bombshell of the French Revolution and the lightning swoop of Napoleon crumbled their pomp.

Baireuth has suffered much from fire and sack and the plague, from the Hussite and Wallenstein, and offers the artist no such wealth of mediæval architecture as do its neighbours, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Ulm. It was again almost entirely burnt down in 1621, and part of the Church of St. Madeleine and of the old castle are all that is left of fifteenth-century Baireuth, now that Augermann's *Kneipe*, with its high-pitched roof and groined cellars, the scene of so much merrymaking and lively "Baireuth *Treiben*" in the early days of the Wagner Festivals, has been swept away to make room for a new Post Office.

It was in 1753, after the destruction by fire of the old castle, that, during the Margravine's Italian journey, the stately Neues Schloss arose in the Ludwigs Platz. In front of it, among stiff shrubs, the pious Margrave, Christian Ernst, Field-Marshal of the Empire, who assisted to beat back the Turks from Vienna, caracoles in stone over a prostrate Paynim, his favourite black dwarf at his side, and the base of his pedestal supported by allegorical figures representing the four rivers that rise in the Fichtelgebirge. Behind, the long rows of windows with the blinds down overlook the stiff, deserted Hof Gardens. Where the powdered *beaux* and *belles* of the Margravine's Court were wont to wander, discussing art and all the "ologies," on Sundays only the Baireuth *bourgeois* strolls to listen to the blue-coated band of the *Chevaux Légers*, or the Wagner pilgrim flits past, bound for the solitary tomb at the Villa Wahnfried, hard by. Yet, many the crowned and imperial heads which have reposed beneath the damask hangings in those suites of stately apartments, where long lines of pictured Hohenzollerns—the Baireuth Margraves clung carefully to their distinguished younger branch—reflect themselves in the huge gilt mirrors under the painted ceilings. They have been but passing guests, however, bent mostly on Wagner-worship, for Baireuth is now merged in Bavaria, a mere provincial manufacturing town of a third-rate kingdom, itself but part of the German whole, whose pulse beats in Berlin. One guest, indeed, made but a very short stay. Napoleon, rampaging over South Germany, made Baireuth, for three years in the French grip, his head-quarters. But he had counted without his hostess, the "White Lady of Hohenzollern." This notorious

Countess of Orlamünde, whose repellent portrait, hanging in the Neues Schloss, quite accounts for her want of success, murdered all her children in an attempt to gain the affections of Albert the Handsome of Brandenburg, and, failing, retired to die in the neighbouring abbey of Himmelkron, among the Fichtelgebirge. The "White Lady," as is well known, is supposed to "walk" in all the Hohenzollern palaces, her appearance portending death in the family. On this occasion, enraged at the upstart *Petit Caporal's* unwarranted intrusion into a royal palace where he had no right, she proceeded in the middle of the night to turn him out of the little iron camp-bed, still standing among the other magnificent gilt-scrrolled and brocade-curtained bedsteads. Napoleon fled to the Hermitage. The above-mentioned portrait of the Countess Orlamünde, in a corridor of the Neues Schloss, is supposed to fall to the ground when a death occurs in the Hohenzollern family; but, according to the guide who shows the pictures, and who watched at the time of the deaths of the two last German Emperors, nothing happened, for the picture is firmly fixed at all four corners to the wall.

Baireuth lies in a basin watered by the sluggish White Main, surrounded on three sides by fir-clad hills. To the west the Lindenhart and Volsbach Forests, spurs of the Franconian Jura; east, the Kulenberg and Sophienberg, topped by the Ochsenkopf and Schneeberg, the highest points of the Fichtelgebirge; southward stretches a rolling country of green valley and wooded hill, dotted with the red-tiled Bavarian villages, grouped round cupola-topped church towers, which reminds one of the toy-box farmyards of one's childhood. Two miles outside her capital, among bowery woods, on an outlying spur of the Fichtelgebirge, the "Beauty of Baireuth and of the world," reared herself "a lordly pleasure house," the Hermitage. Past the Rollwenzel, the favourite resort of Jean Paul, the German Carlyle, who lies buried in the Baireuth cemetery, and whose statue, in a frock-coat, pencil and note-book in hand, stands, "eternally waiting an idea," in the Platz that bears his name, a shady avenue leads up the hill to the miniature Versailles. Through the four-portalled Arch of Parnassus one enters the Margrave's country-house, over the rebuilding and decoration of which Wilhelmina spent some 2,000,000 florins. Among the suite of rooms, full of delicious rococo furniture—spindle-legged chairs, stiff-backed couches, dainty floral damasks, great gilt mirrors, heavy chandeliers—where hang rows of family portraits, Electors, Kings, Margraves, Grand Dukes and Duchesses galore, Frederick as child and as King, Wilhelmina herself, are shown her bed-room and that of her brother, still practically intact, and the little cabinet in which the witty Margravine actually penned her memoirs, and described the Hermitage in all its splendour.

The Hermitage has seen some great days. At "*Mon Plaisir*," as she called it, the young Margravine kept her first birthday after her accession with one of those celebrated *fêtes* of mythological mummary and illumination of the fountains and gardens, for a sight of which even Voltaire sighed. Here, soon after her marriage, she entertained her old bear of a father, arranging for him a *tabagie*, such as he loved, in a grotto, and "all things as if I were at Potsdam, my wooden stools, my tubs to wash in." Hither her beloved brother hurried, directly after his coronation, "*grandi, guindé*, every inch a king," *incognito*, with a selected suite, including the intense Algarotti, to visit "the sister who has my heart, whose character is beyond the price of crowns." To the Hermitage he came again later, the conqueror of Silesia, the dread of four kingdoms allied against him, and, with him, Voltaire, the latter to pass a charming fortnight, finding "Baireuth a delicious retreat, where one can enjoy all that is agreeable in a Court without any of its inconveniences." To meet him came "my sister of Ansbach," the interesting Prince Bishop of Bamberg, hard by; the flighty Duchess of Würtemberg, with her fast French manners corrupting the "giggling Von Marwitz" waiting-ladies. *Sic transit*.

North-east of the town is the suburb of St. Georgen, where the Earl of Dysart, the president of the English Wagner Society, has a villa. Among a modern growth of manufactures, one can trace remains of the Margrave George Wilhelm's (Wilhelmina's "old Benoit" of a father-in-law) architectural fancies. It was at his Brandenburger Palace here that the Margravine inaugurated her Baireuth festivities with the celebrated Parnassus *fête*; here she had that stolen interview with her brother, on his way to join the Army of the Rhine, and under strong paternal injunctions not to dawdle on the way with his sisters of Baireuth and Ansbach. In the "house by the lake" Frederick met his "*incomparable et chère sœur*" after the latter's wild-goose chase in search of him among the hills at Berneck amid "fearful thunderstorms" and "swollen torrents," and met her "for the last time on the old footing," and "overwhelmed me with caresses." But the lake has been drained, the gardens are deserted.

But of all the memorials of departed magnificence with which Baireuth abounds, none is more striking than Wilhelmina's opera-house, which Babiena was imported from Italy to erect. In the heart of the town, facing one of the irregular Plätze, closed, deserted, and dusty, it is an object-lesson in an old *régime* art, the home of the florid Italian opera, which it was Wagner's mission to destroy, a gem of rococo work, with exquisite gilt balustrades and canopies. Here, on what, till Wagner built his theatre, was the largest stage in Germany, Montperni and Riquetti directed tinkling Italian opera and Voltaire's classic French comedies, and distinguished amateurs, the Margravine herself, her daughter and son-in-law, not disdaining to take parts. But the magnificent curtain embroidered with gold has vanished, carried off by the French, and is now at the Royal Opera at Vienna, and the trumpet-calls to Parsifal on the hill above disperse the memories and drown the echoes of the past.

A DRIVE WITH ARTHUR ROBERTS.

With Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"Interview me here in my own house? It's not to be thought of. I'm far too nervous and restless to sit still and be questioned, my dear fellow. I think I must be full of electricity, for I seem as if I must ever be on the 'go.' But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll drive you round the park on my way to the theatre, and then I don't mind a chat," said the Prince of Gagers, looking very spick-and-span and as bright as a new pin, when I presented myself one afternoon in Maida Vale. Talking of pins, *par parenthèse*, what a wonderful collection of scarf-fasteners Arthur owns, almost as numerous as his stock of walking-sticks, and most of them commemorative of valued friendships or of big events. But if you want to pull at his heart-strings you must talk to him about horses and music, and there's scarcely an instrument he cannot play.

So we prepared to leave Ivy Lodge—a little Chatsworth, with its ferneries, rockeries, and conservatories, and, passing through the last of these, you gain the outer world, to find Mr. Roberts's victoria awaiting you.

"So you're going on tour very shortly, I hear?" I remarked, when I had lighted a cigar.

"Yes, and I hope to bring out a piece called 'Claude du Val' on the same lines as 'Don Quixote,' which I took last season round the provinces and then brought it to the Strand. Ah! my having to vacate that theatre was an exceedingly bitter pill, for Fortune was knocking loudly at the door, and I do believe the 'Don' would have been as big a success as 'The New Boy' or 'Charley's Aunt.'"

"And you like touring?"

"It's just a delightful summer picnic. Besides, you make such a host of friends, filling the treasury coffers at the same time."

"And at seaside towns, I suppose, you go in for a lot of yachting?" I asked, my question being suggested by noticing a number of children's sailing-boats on the park lake.

"No, I'm not particularly nautical, thank you, all the same. Nothing much beyond a cruise round the fountain at home, or a sail down the Thames, before joining my 'Ship' at Greenwich," said he, blinking his eyes rapidly while jerking out his words. I prefer athletic sports—

cricket, for instance. I'm a perfect enthusiast at cricket, except that I don't often play—but that's a detail; but I won a match, not exactly off my own bat, but off my whisky-and-Waterbury watch. It was in this way: We were at some place in the Midlands, and there was a match to be played on a vicarage ground by two local teams; but, for some reason or other, one side didn't turn up, so the secretary, in despair, asked us to furnish an eleven. Well, you should have seen the faces of

the clericals when they found we were actors—the Church and Stage Guild would have taken a back seat there, and no mistake. Now, this huffed me a bit, and I was determined they should not beat us, at all events. It was close on four, when the bell was to ring to cease play, and the enemy had only one run to make to win; therefore, there was not a moment to lose; so out I brought my watch, and insisted it was four by the Horse Guards—or Marines, I forget which—the bell was at once rung, and a draw was declared."

"Speaking of runs, how do you like long theatrical runs?"

"Immensely—and apart from financial reasons. To start with, I never begin to like a piece till I've played in it for at least two months, and I've not got into my stride completely till I've played it nine months. By that time I've managed to work it up into something with gags or wheezes. Of course, I'm not referring to pieces written by such men as Gilbert and one or two other writers. But, as a general rule, although I can't create, I can give some polishing and finishing touches that run the piece along, so I'm told."

"That fact is universally acknowledged. It is your gags that become the subsequent wheezes of the piece. I can't imagine how they occur to you?"

"And I don't know, either. Somehow, they seem to slip off one's tongue if I'm in good cue."

"You want a fellow to pick them up as you drop them."

"Provided he only picked up the plums. You see, any sudden incident, such as a 'breakdown with the scenery, may suggest a gag. I remember, at Edinburgh, a 'property' house fell down, when I, of course, slipped in with, 'At last the ambition of my life is fulfilled, for I've brought down the house.' It took immensely."

"And you are a quick study?"

"You have to be, I can tell you. A couple of verses to learn in four minutes, while you're dressing, on some topical or political event."



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.



AS CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IN "BLUE-EYED SUSAN" (1892).



AS CAPTAIN CODDINGTON IN "IN TOWN" (1893).



AS CAPTAIN CODDINGTON IN "IN TOWN" (1893).

"And if you forget?"

"Well, I don't rely on the prompter, you may bet your bottom dollar. 'Do not trust him,' say I. I'd sooner sink my voice and talk gibberish. Between you and me, I'm told I sometimes do. As a rule,

I study my parts in what may seem rather a strange way. I often take the train at Waterloo and run down to Twickenham, or take a steamer somewhere. I can get at the work so very much better when I'm constantly on the move."

"Now I should like to know your opinion of the *tableaux*."

"Blo—I beg your pardon. I think they are beautiful works of art—I should say nature. Well, there, it's a mixture of art and nature; sometimes nature rather too much to the front; but, then, the curtain soon comes down, so that's all right. Of course, they have caught on; but I don't suppose the playwrights are very keen about them. I know this, it's much easier to keep your body still than your tongue. Gad! you mustn't so much as get a gag off a fly on the frame."

"Gagging, I suppose, becomes quite a habit?"

"Oh, yes; it follows one into ordinary everyday life. 'The boys,' for example, are repeating what I may



AS SINBAD (THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON, 1880).

call a gag in private life, which seems to have caught their fancy. The circumstances were these: A certain lady and gentleman, very well known, and whose mutual affection is no secret, passed me on the road the other day, in Maida Vale, in their carriage, the body and wheels of which are painted a bright yellow. They saluted me familiarly, and I hope affectionately, by the name of Arthur. Anyhow, I reciprocated that feeling by replying, while the tears coursed down my cheeks, 'Get on with you, you two spoons in a mustard pot!' I remember we had a high old time at the Albert Hall Theatre with George Barrett, when we improvised, or made up, as the children say, as we went along. My eldest daughter was clever at that sort of work. Indeed, I found she was beginning to knock me out, so I took her out of it. It's quite enough for one member in a family to take up that sort of thing."

"I suppose in your theatrical career you have had the usual climb?"

"No, that's just what I haven't. You see, I came to the theatre with a reputation from the halls, so that I didn't have to work up. When I appeared at the Avenue in Alexander Henderson's company, in 'La Vie,' as Joe, the hotel tout, people seemed to remember me in the halls, where I sang 'If I were only long enough, a soldier I would be,' and one or two others that had appeared to knock 'em. The dramatic part, I think, in which

I have come out the best (for you are sure to ask me that question) was as the Major in 'The Old Guard,' but perhaps the most popular character I have played has been that of Captain Coddington. Oh, yes, I'll give you some character photographs when we get to the theatre, and, by Jove! we're none too early. By-the-way, our being so late reminds me of when I was rehearsing at the Avenue. Old Farley was stage-manager, and a nice time he had with us. On one occasion, I remember, we were all behind time. First, the *prima donna* came in twenty minutes late, the tenor followed in half an hour, and I—well, I'm afraid I was one hour and a-half to the bad. Of course, Farley was in a boiling rage, so I thought it best to take it coolly. 'Am I late?' I asked innocently. 'Late? First, Miss—comes in, then Mr.—, and now you've come in third.' 'Then I hope you've backed me for a place.'

"Speaking of 'a place,' where and when, may I ask, do you start your tour?"

"We shall begin at Bristol on Monday, and do a big tour, bringing the piece triumphantly to town in the autumn, I hope. Oh, its name? I thought I had mentioned that. It is called 'Claude du Val,' and the authors are Mr. Bowyer and a man named Roberts. No, it won't be of the up-to-date period at all, but will be cast quite in the romantic style—the men wearing David Garrick and the girls Kate Greenaway costume. No more chimney-pot hat and frock-coat, thank heaven."

But, whatever garb Arthur appeared in, I thought his admirers would be grateful.



Photo by S. Walker, Regent Street.

AS THE VICAR OF WIDE-A-WAKEFIELD (GAIETY, 1885).

T. H. L.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

About Ice.

My last letter I posted in Vardö. Then we sailed away to the south-eastward till we hit the Kanin Coast—you will see it on the maps. Here we fell in with drift ice, which was joined quite up to the land, so we had to go north a long way before we could get round it. It was, probably, ice from the Petchora district, for a good deal of it had been aground. After a bit, about latitude 69.16 N., we again stood east, and eventually made the island of Kolguef. We had hoped to find bears and walrus on this ice, but were disappointed; for it is ice from Scotland, not from the north. However, we went on shore and had some shooting, for the island is full of king eiders, long-tailed duck, geese, and swans. We found one swan on her nest.

Birds and Nests.

There were three eggs in this nest. I took two and left one. But, alas! I might just as well have taken it, for an old Arctic skua was watching, and as we left we saw him hammering away at the egg. How any birds who do not cover up their eggs manage to hatch, I do not know, for these robber gulls are terrible foes. This was a very small swan, perhaps Bewick's. Its nest was made entirely of moss, just lined with down. The Lapland bunting was singing all about, and we found some nests, but no eggs. The dunlin, which they call the ox-bird on our coast, was also nesting, his breast all black, and very handsome he looked. We also came upon a ruff's fighting-ground. These birds, you know, used to nest commonly in some parts of England—in Norfolk, for instance—but now they are very rare, except in winter. They are polygamous, and hold strange antics in the breeding time, for they collect on some mound and carry on like gamecocks, only they dance and crouch and play the fool generally. No two of these birds are alike. The great red-throated diver was swimming in all the lakes wherever the ice was broken up.

About Ice Again.

For all the lakes are either frozen or have big floes of ice in them, and the ground at a depth of three inches is all solid ice. This is on June 16. And now we find that the big Polar ice is coming up out of the Kara Sea; so we cannot get south of the island of Kolguef, and cannot get north because of ice; so the yacht is just going back to Vardö to get more coal and to wait a bit till the ice has cleared. I am going to camp on the island and wait. Perhaps a Samoyede may come to pay a morning call some day. *Au revoir!*



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.
AS DE RICHMONT IN "JOAN OF ARC."

YACHTING ON THE CLYDE.

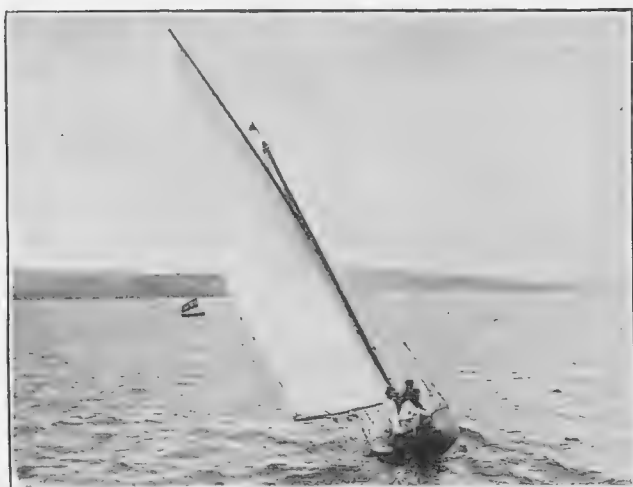
From Photographs by Wilfrid Hunt, Glasgow.



CELIA.



PUKERIRA.



HERON.

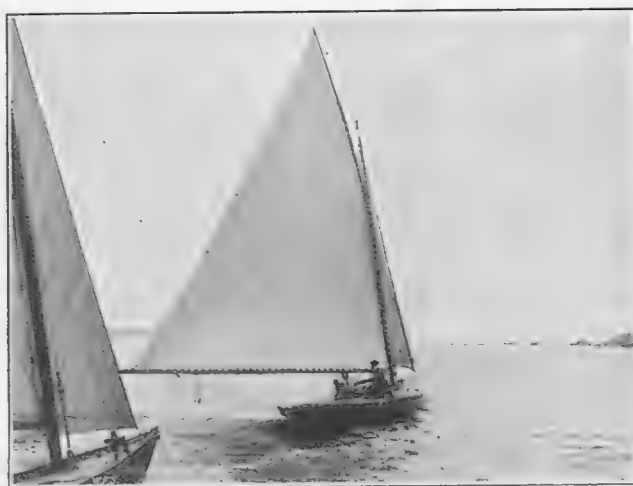


ROSALIND.

SEVENTEEN-RATERS.



NETTA, LILY, WENONAH, AND TIMSAH.



NETTA.



EVELYN.



TIMSAH.

TWO-AND-A-HALF-RATERS.

A BOOK OF GOSSIP.*

"An Englishman in Paris" was an interesting book with disagreeable passages in it. Mr. Vandam's "Paris Notebook" (Heinemann) is a disagreeable book with interesting paragraphs in it. It is hardly possible to read it through, whatever be one's opinions, without feeling a certain contempt for the spirit pervading it; and yet, whatever be one's contempt, it is also hardly possible to lay it down without reading to the end. It ministers to the least withstandable of all weaknesses, a love of gossip.

It contains stories and observations in it which it makes one gasp to see written down, not because they are malignant, but because they are so helplessly wrong-headed and old-womanish. The examples chosen to prove the artificiality of French sentiment in Alsace would make even



MR. ALBERT D. VANDAM.

a Teuton smile, and the would-be satire on the ladies of the Third Republic might make a Bonapartist or a Legitimist shed tears that their causes should be in need of such advocacy.

The writer of the "Notebook" is not fastidious, but, give him his due, he is occasionally very amusing. As before, it is not merely his own personal experiences he uses. Two uncles, benevolent Dutch doctors practising in Paris for many years, *en rapport* with the Imperial Court and with dramatic and literary circles, kept notebooks too, and theirs are incorporated with his own.

Between them they recollect a good deal that is of real, substantial interest about the third Bonaparte, both in his Louis Napoleon and his Imperial days, about Victor Emmanuel, De Musset, Renan, Got, Augier, Paul de Kock, and a host of politicians.

One story the writer has had the wonderful self-restraint to keep back ever since the publication of "La D  b  le," upon an incident of which it has an important bearing. Napoleon explained his liberality to Bouff  , the comedian, by saying he owed him much. "He showed me how to transform a young man into an old one: I fancy I shall have sufficient ingenuity to reverse the process, or, better still, to hide the ravages of despair beneath a layer of *fard* (make-up). I have a great admiration for the memory of Mazarin; the thing that appeals most to me is his putting on rouge on his bed of sickness, which proved to be his death-bed."

The story does not, of course, settle the hot controversy as to whether the Emperor put on rouge or not on the morning of Sedan. But it certainly adds likelihood to Zola's description. And if he did rouge on that particular day? It is one of the most creditable things ever told of him.

The tales of Victor Emmanuel, dating from the middle of the fifties, are strikingly vivid, mostly turning on his hatred of diplomacy and politics and his abhorrence of conventional life. "If he could have his way," said one of his suite, "the question of a United Italy would be settled in a simple fashion. He would simply challenge every Sovereign whom he considered an obstacle to the realisation of that idea to single combat, Francis Joseph included."

He lived like a peasant at La Mandria, made a bet he would not wash for a week, and nearly kept it, and yet for all his loudly-expressed scorn for artificial life he was in the constant habit of dyeing his hair. It was said that on the morning of the battle of Novara he discovered "he did not look fierce enough." A few days later his fair hair and moustaches were formidably dark.

There is a very generous appreciation of M. Got, and several amiable anecdotes of his geniality and ready wit. The best story about him is that of his interview with Raoul Rigault to obtain permission from the Commune for the Com  die to leave for England. It was a dangerous interview, where an unguarded word would have landed himself in prison and detained his comrades in France. Got discreetly flattered the glaring lion, mildly depreciated the help the "Mascarilles and Sapins" would be to the Commune, and got his permits by the skin of his teeth, in the gleam of the momentary good humour his mother wit had flashed on the terrible "Delegate of the Police." It was his best triumph as an actor, thinks Got.

There are vivid pictures of Renan, too, whose powers as an entertainer, story-teller, *discur*, we learn, surpassed those of MM. Coquelin *ain  * and *cadet*, Mr. Corn   Grain, and M. Fusier. Renan's want of good looks, to use the mildest term, was probably, we are assured, "the only drawback to his thorough enjoyment of life." "Do not you think," he once said, "that it is cruel to children to endow them from their birth with hereditary ugliness? I do, *et, Dieu sait, je parle en connaissance de cause.*"

The stories of politicians are much more bitter. On Thiers he makes the most determined, indeed the most cantankerous attack. But the political part of the book will, doubtless, be closely read. Much of it is out of his own, not his uncle's, notebook, concerns living, moving politicians, and contains a great deal of lobby gossip and smoking-room scandal. But to compensate for this the highly respectable Marshal MacMahon is made the hero—the sole unique hero—of the Republic, at the expense of Gambetta and everyone else.

The motives of the four Presidents for accepting office are summed up as follows: "M. Thiers wanted both the power and the money; Marshal MacMahon wanted neither the power nor the money; M. Gr  vy was indifferent to the power, but anxious for the money; M. Carnot is indifferent to the money, but likes the power."

The last chapter is frivolous. It is a rather snobbish disclosure of the little social mistakes apparently inseparable from Republican entertainments. The hero of the stories is M. Mollard, who used to be organiser of the Presidential receptions and *f  tes*. At one Stat   Ball, given in honour of the Prince of Wales, M. Mollard forgot to invite the President of the Republic and his Duchess; at a dinner given to Archduke Albrecht by the Marshal, Mollard, unaware of the family connections of the royal guest, and thinking only to please his own master, put down a new ice-pudding in the menu as "*Bombe glac  e    la Magenta*"; at a great gathering at the Ministry of Finance, some scratch assistants Mollard had procured, fresh from the country, to help in the cloak-room, testified their zeal and readiness to give in to sophisticated customs by telescoping all the silk hats as well as the opera ones, proudly returning them to their owners in that condition. And there are other stories with less fun in them and more malice.

It is a book of gossip, not all of it good-tempered, but much of it entertaining. One might like the writer better had he left some of it unwritten; but what is the good of saying so when one has read every word?

O. O.

A NEW DUTCH PIANIST.

I am writing this to the lovely accompaniment of a Chopin nocturne exquisitely played by M. Eduard Zeldenrust. This young Dutchman gave a good concert in London, whither his fame had preceded him, in the Queen's Hall on the 9th, before an extremely critical and appreciative audience. The "critical" portion came in as soon as possible from the new piece which on the same evening was being produced "next door," at German Reed's. M. Zeldenrust has all the qualifications of a popular pianist, including the possession of a mane of hair—as befits one who is certain to become a lion. He has a splendidly easy mastery over the piano, an exceptional memory, and a close regard for the composer's intentions. His playing of Beethoven's Sonata (No. 2) Op. 31 was received with the enthusiasm it thoroughly deserved.

L.

* "My Paris Notebook." By Albert D. Vandam. London: W. Heinemann.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The popularity of Sir Joshua Reynolds seems, if anything, to increase with each season, and the time may even come when it will be considered that a picture by the greatest of English portrait-painters is as worthy the possession of the National Gallery as even a famous Raffaele. Not all the contempt of Mr. Ruskin could prevent that. Thus we note that at a recent sale of pictures from the collection of the late Mr. Seymour Robert Delmé the portrait of Lady Betty Delmé and her children was bought by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for 11,000 guineas, and another of Sir Joshua's pictures, a portrait of the Hon. Miss Monckton, passed into Mr. Agnew's hands for 7500 guineas. At the same sale, the "Madonna di Loretto," by Raffaele, was sold for the royal sum of 250 guineas; and we regret to add that the portrait of a Venetian nobleman by Titian reached no more than 100 guineas, and this in a sale which realised for a total the sum of £35,777. In view of the renewed interest in Sir Joshua, we reproduce two characteristic specimens of his brush.

M. Roussel is a painter for whom we have a singular kindness. His work is accomplished and charming, possessing many admirable and painterly qualities. Much of his work has already been hung at the New English Art Club, and in nearly every instance it has been very praiseworthy. M. Roussel is, moreover, a versatile artist; he uses many mediums, and each of them with equal success. Moreover, and this is rare enough with facile artists, he never fails in carefulness or in the realisation of the pictorial standpoint from which he views his subjects. The collection of pictures now on view at the Dowdeswell Galleries by this artist is assuredly one of the most refined and artistic one-man shows which Messrs. Dowdeswell have ever hung at their galleries. His "nocturnes"—which, on the whole, we admire chiefly among his works—have a grave and complete beauty about them which is very engrossing. Dealing with such subjects in a spirit very different from that of Mr. Whistler, he yet in his own line persuades one of his singular charm and accomplishment. He has a way of leading you gently further and further into the meanings and significances of his pictures, which, again, is rare enough among the modern artist, who is too often content to smite you with superficial eccentricity and leave you still an hungered. In water-colour, oil-colour, lithography, etching, and pastel, M. Roussel is equally adventurous, and, for the most part, equally successful.

The world of art is once more excited as to the authenticity of the picture called "The Virgin of the Rocks," which hangs in the

National Gallery. In the *Art Journal* for June Dr. Richter impugned that authenticity, and now in the *Nineteenth Century* Sir Frederic Burton takes up the cudgels against Dr. Richter, and we learn that Sir Frederic's successor, Mr. Poynter, will deal with the same subject in the forthcoming issue of the *Art Journal*. Thus a vigorous war is proclaimed, and when critics fall out the rightful painter is likely to come by his own.

Sir Frederic Burton naturally takes the side of the National Gallery picture, and we confess that, after a careful reading of his paper, and comparing it with the contentions of Dr. Richter, we are bound to



SIR JEFFREY AMHERST, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NORTH AMERICA, 1758-1764.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

conclude that he gets very much the best of the situation. As our readers are doubtless aware, a document has been recently discovered in the State Archives of Milan which deals pretty exhaustively with the pecuniary negotiation which attended the painting of the picture, which was destined for the central composition of the altar-piece for the Cappella della Concezione in San Francesco at Milan. This document, as Sir Frederic Burton explains, proves pretty conclusively that Leonardo da Vinci did execute this central composition with his own hand.

From this point the demonstration becomes pretty clear. Such a picture, generally considered to be by Leonardo, was to be found in this chapel from Leonardo's days until some date between 1751 and 1787, by which last date it had finally disappeared from the chapel. There is, however, strong evidence which identifies this picture with one brought to England somewhere about 1779 by Gavin Hamilton, and sold by him to the Marquis of Lansdowne, in whose family it remained until it passed by purchase early in the present century into the hands of the Earl of Suffolk, and was taken to Charlton Park. It is this picture which, ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, now hangs in the National Gallery.

Dr. Richter, however, maintains that this picture is merely a copy of that which Leonardo originally painted, and that it was this copy which passed into the possession of the Cappella, the original passing into the hands of King Louis XII. of France. What authority Dr. Richter has for such an assertion it is impossible to discover, as impossible as it is to discover his authority for the further statement that "before the despatch of the picture a copy, with slight variations, was prepared by an assistant in the master's *atelier*, and for this, on its delivery, the stipulated price of twenty-five ducats was paid." Certainly, Dr. Richter is gifted with an extraordinarily complete imagination, since he is thus able to follow out a coherent and detailed story, without, so far as we can discover, any reasonable authority for his statements.



MISS MORRIS.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
The property of Messrs. Dowdeswell, Bond Street, W.

Yet, in those very statements Sir Frederic Burton discovers contradictions. He shows, for example, that the so-called "copy," prepared in the master's "atelier," "differs from the Louvre picture, which, according to Richter, is the true Leonardo in essentials, and not by any means in unimportant variations; and, having traced the descent of the London picture with satisfactory completeness, he is content to rest his



A SPECIMEN OF GERMAN BINDING.

case there, without proceeding to argue against the authenticity of the Louvre picture. Indeed, of the two, we immeasurably prefer the London picture; but, with Sir Frederic Burton, we are by no means ready to argue that the Paris picture is not by Leonardo da Vinci, with which conclusion we await with some interest Mr. Poynter's further contribution upon the same controversy.

The exhibition of bookbinding at the Caxton Head (J. and M. L. Tregaskis), High Holborn, has not been allowed to pass without the ordeal of a newspaper correspondence. When that has been forgotten, however, there will still remain to us the elaborate catalogue, with its beautiful fac-similes in colour of some of the more notable bindings, which the firm issued. In January Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis sent out seventy-seven copies of "King Florus and the Fair Jehane," a translation by Mr. William Morris of a French romance of the thirteenth century, printed at the Kelmscott Press. Binders in all parts of the world got a chance, and only two copies were lost. The binding reproduced in our pages is the work of Gustav Fritzsche, Leipzig, and, as we are able to print it only in one colour, it may be interesting to describe it: Fawn calf. Raised bands, lettered on back. Upper cover adorned with a design the fac-simile of the title-page, the border painted with a ground-work of prune colour, with grapes in purple and vine-leaves in green; the centre a pale blue, lettering in white, the whole brightened in gold; broad fawn and inlaid maroon inside covers, delicately gold-tooled; leather joints. Enclosed in maroon morocco, white watered silk-lined case.

"Christ's Agony in the Garden," the Mantegna purchased from the Northbrook Collection for the National Gallery, hangs now in the Eighth Room at Trafalgar Square. It is expected, also, that the two pictures bought at the Adrian Hope sale for the same collection—Jan Steen's "Scene on a Terrace" and Berkheyden's "View in Haarlem"—will very shortly be hung in the Dutch Rooms of the Gallery.

M. J. Carrès, a potter and sculptor of much ambition, much promise, and some very satisfactory work, is just dead, at a very early age. He is described by the *Athenæum* as an artist of "marked originality," and that, no doubt, is just praise enough. Had M. Carrès lived to bring that anxious originality of his within the leashes of a restrained and stately formalism, he would, doubtless, have done much to justify a far higher

meed of praise. As it is, the gods have proved their love; and M. Puvis de Chavannes and M. Roger Marx made speeches at his grave.

The Birmingham Art Gallery has just purchased Frederick Walker's original study for his picture of "The Old Gate," which was sold, with other contents of his studio, nearly twenty years ago. The original study, 4 ft. by 3 ft., is considered by some intelligent amateurs as a finer and more interesting possession than the finished picture. That is in the possession of Mr. Street, and the grouping and composition of the two versions differ in many material points. Those who know with intimacy the peculiar faults of most of Walker's finished work, who recognise that, in his anxiety to be full, he sometimes trenched upon tightness and slipped into excessive anxiety, will easily understand the preference which so many have given to the unfinished canvas, with its greater breadth and freedom. It appears that Birmingham has been enabled to buy the picture by the generosity of a Birmingham man, who has left to his native city a large sum of money for the purpose of enriching it with artistic treasures.

The Architectural, otherwise the "Black-and-White" Room at the Academy rarely gets the attention it deserves. In the Exhibition now open are two drawings, one of which we reproduce, showing what the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire is about to do in the way of elevating the public taste by the erection of really artistic buildings. There is no reason why the Democrat should not be beautifully housed. The County Hall and offices will be built in the city of Wakefield, on a fine site in the upper part of the town, adjoining the Town Hall and County Courts. Owing to the elevated character of the ground, these buildings will form an important addition to the aspect of the town when approaching it by road or rail, while their ornamental design will be, no doubt, appreciated by the citizens. Our illustrations show the group of buildings, the principal entrance to which is under the dome tower, at the junction of the most important façades. The details of the architecture have occupied the time of the architects, Messrs. Gibson and Russell, Gray's Inn Square, London, for over a year, while



Photo by Angerer, Vienna.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL OFFICES, WAKEFIELD.

Design by the Architects, Messrs. Gibson and Russell, in the Royal Academy.

for the next three years the builders will be busy translating these into such permanent forms as will make the buildings rank among the most important in Yorkshire. The total cost will be about £80,000.

We regret to record of the Guildhall Loan Collection Exhibition that it has come to an end, and that the pictures which went to form it have now been dispersed to their original owners. We may



JOAN OF ARC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



RETURN FROM MARKET.—V. FRIATEGGI.

EXHIBITED AT MR. MENDOZA'S GALLERY, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

frankly say of this exhibition that it has been, perhaps, the most popular that has ever been shown in London. It has triumphantly justified itself. In the short space of three months, during which time it has been open to the public, it has been visited by no less than three hundred thousand people, and on every side there has been unanimity upon the intrinsic value and excellence of the pictures which have hung upon those historic walls.

The common cynic who maintains that art incommunicably belongs to a very chosen few of the world's population will not find, of course, in these facts any refutation of his pet arguments. But even to such, a one we would appeal, inquiring if it is not, at all events, a useful and

a salutary thing that the hydra-headed one should voluntarily learn at least some of the more obvious and superficial among the revelations of art. It is certain, at all events, that multitudes of persons have visited these galleries, free of expense, for the mere sake of the galleries. Is it too much to hope that from such a visit there has lingered in the memory of many some passing glimpse of gracious colours, some new ideal of gracefulness or of refinement? After all, we have to live with our fellow-man, be he high or be he low; it is better, surely, under such proximate circumstances, that he should approach our complacent selves with less occasion for criticism, and, therefore, for fewer opportunities of ill-temper. Even Mr. Whistler could scarcely object to art dropping on the town in this modest fashion.



UN FUMEUR.—CHARLES MEISSONIER.

Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.



CHAR-À-BANC, BRITTANY.—LUCIEN GROS.

Exhibited by La Société des Aquarellistes Français at the Hanover Gallery.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



ONE OF OUR ALIENS.

"Do you want to buy a thuit of clothes as vast made for the Printh of Vales?"



SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.



"RED AS A ROSE IS SHE."



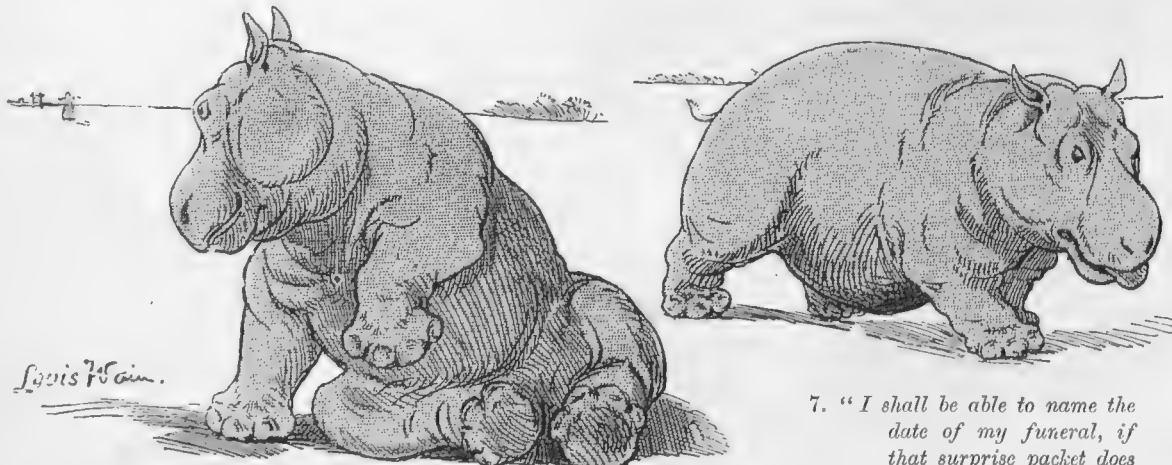
CONTRETEMPS.—1. "Cooked" Nile Tourists lunching under shelving bank along the Nile. Hippopotamus at favourite bathing-place above says, "What a perfect morning for a bath! Here goes!"

2. Whop!

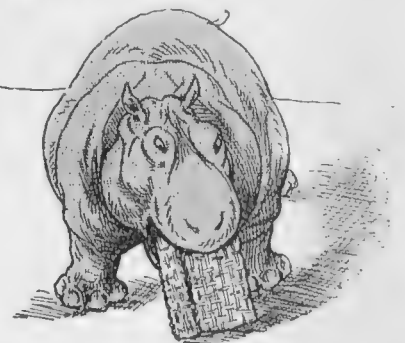


3. "Well, now, I call that real beastly cowardice!"

4. "We ought to be friends."



5. "Well, I'll never try and be friends any more!"



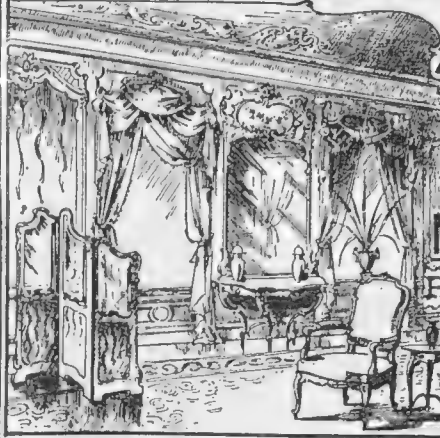
6. "Some folks say that a surprise packet is like a heavenly aberration of intellect."



7. "I shall be able to name the date of my funeral, if that surprise packet does not turn up trumps."

8. "Just my luck!"

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WHAT DO YOU SAY IT IS?

What do you say it is that tires and exhausts us most? Hard work? Oh, no. When a man, or woman either, is well fed and healthy, hard work is a good thing. The day's tug being over you eat your supper—sauced with appetite—and by and by go to bed and sleep like a top till morning. What's better than that? Why, nothing this side of heaven.

I (the writer) have a cast-iron habit in this matter. I turn in at exactly eleven and out at exactly seven. Never wake between those hours except when there is a barking dog somewhere near. Then I look to that dog and his owner next day. I say a man who can sleep that way has drawn the first prize in Life's Lottery. Oh, no; work doesn't exhaust anybody save for his good. It about half empties his jug for one day, and then Nature holds him under the spout (sound asleep) and fills him up again.

But, oh, the pity of a thing like *this*! Any of you who feel the Angel's fingers touch your eyelids every night for eight hours of blessed blindness, fancy, if you can, the case of a woman who says, "*I often awoke at night in great dread and fear, with perspiration running from me in streams.*"

Such a condition is awful—terrible. Mere pain were a thousand times preferable to it. And that, understand, without any noise to wake and frighten her. One such night is more wearing than a week of hard work. "Wearing," do I say? It is *killing*—that's what it is. What

caused it? Let us pick up the facts one after another, and perhaps we may find out.

She says: "My hands, arms, and legs had become numb and stiff, and I lost the proper use of them. As I walked I was not sure of my footsteps; I had a feeling as if I should fall down. I was much swollen around the body, and troubled with flatulency. At times I was taken with faintness, and a *strange feeling came over me as if I were about to die.* I got fearfully low and nervous, and was *afraid to be left alone.* For days and days I never touched any kind of food, and for twelve months ate scarcely anything."

Now all this is sad and bad as can be, and our hearts are sore for the poor lady; yet so far we don't seem to get hold of the outside end of the thread. Suppose we look for it among the first sentences of her letter. "In the early part of March, 1890," she says, "I appeared suddenly to fall into a low, depressed condition, everything being a toil and a trouble to me. My appetite failed, my mouth tasted badly, my tongue was coated, and the least morsel of food gave me pain and tightness across the chest and around the sides, so I could not bear the weight and pressure of my corset. My skin was sallow, eyes tinged with yellow, and there was a dull pain at my right side. I was constantly sick, and a sour sort of fluid came up and nearly choked me. *As for food, I could not bear the sight of it; it made me sick to look at it.*"

The case is plain enough now. She was seized with acute indigestion, which in a few months

developed into chronic inflammatory dyspepsia. All her early ailments were symptoms of this common yet deceptive disease. Always the same deadly thing, it wears more disguises than a hired murderer. She saw a doctor, of course, who did what he could; but his medicines were like candles in a London fog—without effect. It was simply a wonder that she lived until the date which she names now.

"I got so weak and low," she says—and who can doubt it?—"that I thought I never should recover, when one day in July, 1891, we received a book telling of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. My husband read the book, and persuaded me to try this medicine. He got me a bottle from Mr. J. H. Shaw, Chemist, 120, Newtownards Road. A few doses relieved me. I kept on with it, and soon relished and digested food. Thus encouraged, I continued with the Syrup, and am now well and strong. I can eat anything, and work with pleasure. Mother Seigel saved my life, and you can publish the fact if you wish to. I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Mrs. M. McGregor, 10, Greenville Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast, January 18th, 1893."

We are glad of this result, and congratulate Mrs. McGregor. We are sure that her once-shattered nerves—poisoned and starved by indigestion and dyspepsia—will now permit her to sleep in peace.

But how many other suffering women await the help of Mother Seigel! Alas! thousands. We hope some of them may see and read this. Happy for them if they do.

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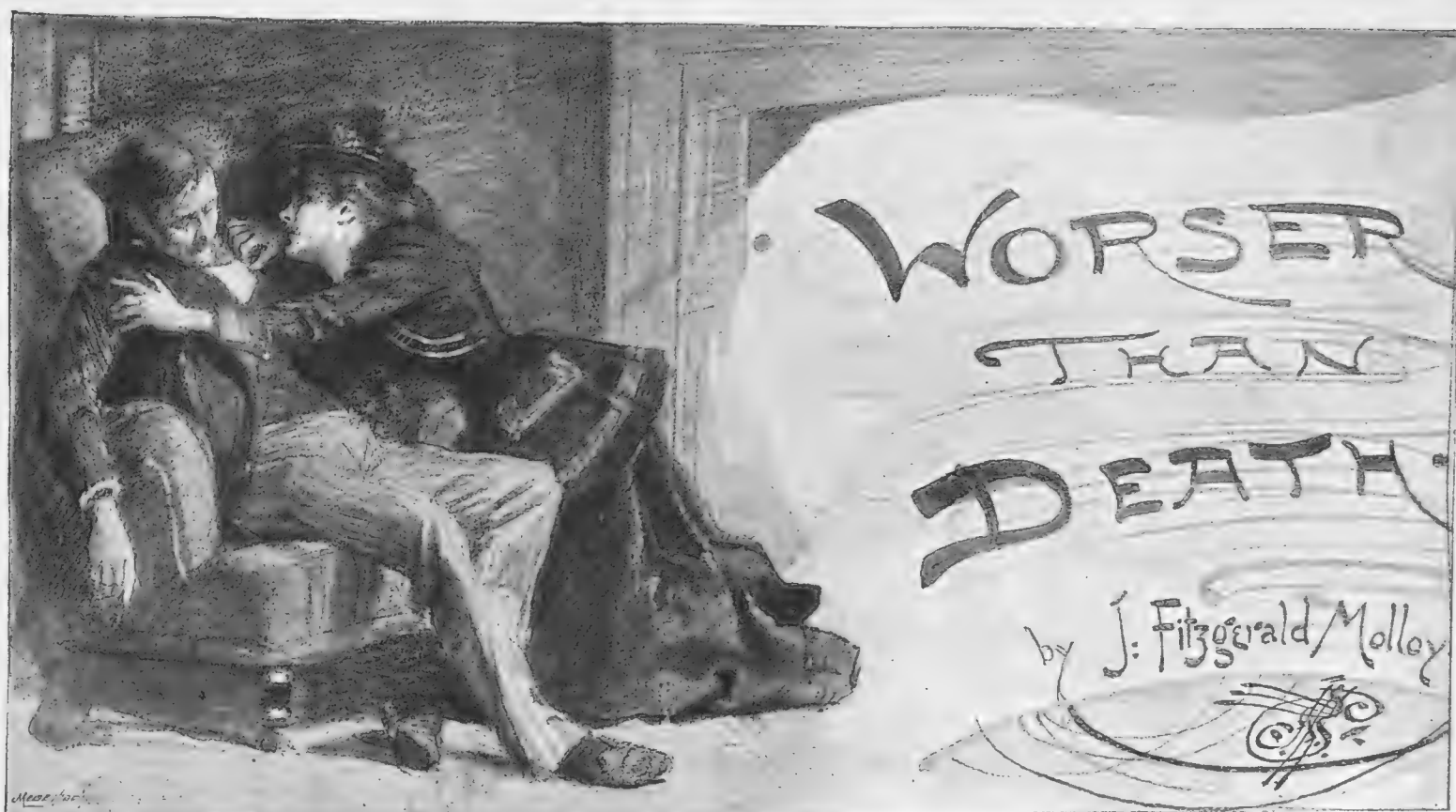
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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



They had been close and warm friends from their college days, sharing confidences with and having no secrets from each other; and now, when Colin Rae was about taking an important step in life, he resolved that Arthur Bonnington should first learn the news. Colin Rae, therefore, asked his friend to dine with him in his rooms, where they would be undisturbed, no other guest being present to share or interrupt their conversation, to hear or comment on the disclosure.

The dainty little meal was eaten without mention being made of Colin Rae's project; but presently, when they entered the sitting-room, he felt the moment was at hand when he must speak. The apartment was dimly lighted by a great copper-shaded lamp that cast many shadows on the pale-green walls, with their old Bartolozzi engravings, terra-cotta statuettes, and bronze figures; the wide French windows, framed with the pointed leaves of Virginia creeper, stood open to the balmy night, giving glimpses of Kensington Gardens, with their trees unstirred by a breath and their grassy spaces stretching into purple darkness. The stars were out, but not the moon.

Bonnington dived his hand into a bowl of orange delf filled with *pot-pourri*, which he knew contained cigarettes, and, having found what he wanted, he stretched himself on a low couch covered with white bearskins. Colin Rae sat in a big arm-chair, his pale face well in the shade.

A strange reluctance to speak on the subject uppermost in his mind and an unwonted feeling of sadness overtook him; but, combating these, he said—

"I have something to tell you, Art, that may surprise you."

"Pleasantly? A surprise is never pardonable except when it's agreeable."

"I am going to be married to Hetty Nixley," Colin Rae remarked in as calm a tone as he could assume.

His friend remained silent, his cigarette suspended in mid-air, the end burning like a fiery star in the semi-darkness. "Married?" he said, after a moment that seemed an hour. "Married, and to Hetty Nixley of all girls in the world? You are surely jesting?"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"But, my dear Colin," he exclaimed, sitting upright and bending forward towards his friend, "let me implore you—"

"Don't implore, but congratulate me," replied Rae, speaking from out the shadows that seemed to have gathered round him closer.

"It's surely not too late—"

"Everything is settled by her father and by mine."

"But you don't love her?"

"No; but I don't love anyone else, and I like her in a fashion. Very few marriages are made for love nowadays, and those that are sometimes turn out badly. I daresay we shall agree well enough—all the better, perhaps, because we are not all the world to each other," Rae stated, defending himself.

"What you say may hold good concerning other men," answered Bonnington in a grave voice, "but you are not as they are. To the majority of mankind it makes little difference what kind of wife they marry, and whether they like her or not. But you, who are a dreamer, a romancer, a man with finer senses and more delicate perceptions than the

herd, you should either never marry or marry a woman in whom your whole soul was absorbed."

"Such a one might never cross my path," Colin Rae replied wearily.

"Wait for her, it will be worth living for; there's something inspiring in hope, especially to such a temperament as yours; but don't forestall her, for life with all its infinite expectations and glorious possibilities will then end for you; and if she comes you will have the misery of knowing she arrives too late, for the love you would fain give her will belong to another."

"What nonsense we talk, Art!" remarked Colin, uneasily. "The marriage is fully arranged, and, even if I would, there's no backing out of it now."

"What part have you acted in this affair that concerns you most?"

"Very little, I confess," admitted Colin.

"Oh, my friend!"

"Did you never find relief in having a matter of great importance taken out of your hands and regulated by another?"

"I can't say I have," answered Bonnington.

"I have. It's like seeing one's pathway traced out by another on the great map of life, while you look on with interest, feeling incapable of the effort yourself, and believing what's done is for the best."

"I prefer marking out my own career."

"You have more concern in existence and greater strength of character than I possess," said Rae, in a voice that was not without weariness.

"But tell me how this was brought about, Colin."

"She is an only daughter, and I am an only son. Her father and mine put their heads together, and evolved the idea of our marriage. The lady was then consulted, and found agreeable. I was afterwards informed of the part assigned to me."

"And you accepted it obediently?"

"Not without some hesitation, but my father was equal to the occasion. He declared he was tired of making me an allowance, reminded me I was not self-supporting, and threatened to cut me off with the proverbial shilling if I refused to wed Hetty Nixley, who is an heiress."

"And you gave in?"

"Certainly. If I didn't wed her, and my father kept his word, I must starve. When we're married, the old man settles a handsome sum on me for life, beyond all power of changing his mind; and then Hetty's fortune, with this, will enable us to live as we like."

"But you don't marry her for her money, Colin?"

"Certainly not. I hardly know the value of money, and set no store by it; but, still, it gives one independence, comfort, consideration, stands between one and the rough winds of this rude world, secures peace of mind and permits liberty of action. Besides, I thought I owed my father something. He had set his mind on my being a barrister, and I became one; but I have only had one brief, and am likely never to have another."

"The law is not your line. You should have been a painter, a writer, a poet—something that requires imagination, perception, inspiration."

"Professions that mean vagabondage to him. When I'm married I shall be able to follow my own desires and become whatever I please."

"Scarcely, old man, if Hetty Nixley will be your wife."

"What do you mean?" asked Colin, surprisedly.

"That she will be certain to have her own way in all things, or else lead you a terrible life."

"How do you know?"

"Know? Why, look at the girl's straight, heavy brows, her firm, determined lips, her rough red hair, and round, fiery eyes. She has a hot temper, a strong will, and a jealous mind. Consider, my friend, what you are about in marrying her. It's not yet too late to change."

"You are not hopeful of my future, Art," Colin Rae said, striving to laugh, but failing in the attempt.

"My dear Colin, she's not the woman to suit you. A gentle, loving girl who would worship you, believe in you, die rather than give you pain, is the wife you want."

"We seldom get what we want," replied Colin, with a scarcely suppressed sigh. "Hetty Nixley is my fate, which I have already accepted, be it for good or for evil. No doubt, we shall lead a pleasant jog-trot kind of existence, and come to understand and forbear with each other in a short time; and I suppose, after all, tolerance is the secret of happiness in married life."

"My dear Colin," Arthur Bonnington said, coming to where his friend sat and placing one hand on his shoulder as he leant over him, "no man can help liking you, no woman can help loving you; may you be as happy as I desire and as you deserve."

Within a month from the date of this conversation, Hetty Nixley and Colin Rae were made man and wife in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The bride, tall and shapely, her fair cheeks flushing scarlet, her auburn hair crowned with orange-blossoms, looked radiantly happy; the bridegroom, well-built and slight, his face pale and grave, seemed nervous and ill at ease. He had protested against the pomp and parade of the ceremony, the half-dozen bridesmaids, choral service, train of carriages, crowds of friends, and throngs of strangers; but Hetty insisted on being married with all the show possible, and he had been obliged to submit. The lunch following, with its interminable speeches, prosy congratulations, and long-winded wishes, was more intolerable still, and it was some relief when they started *en route* for their honeymoon of three months, which were to be spent in Italy.

Long before that time expired it was evident to Colin Rae his wife loved him ardently; but it was likewise plain to him her affection was not calculated to make life's way a pleasant path for either of them.

As Colin was not demonstrative by temperament, she reproached him with coldness, unable to see his nature led him to shrink from exhibiting his feelings. Jealous of his absence if it extended over a few minutes, she continually summoned him from the smoking-rooms of the hotels at which they stayed, joined him after dinner if he lingered with the men he met, and complained if he ventured out alone by day or by night. Once, when they encountered some old friends in Rome, they did their sight-seeing in common, and it was arranged they should go together to Naples; but on the morning of the proposed journey Hetty declared herself too ill to travel, and when their friends had departed assured her husband her indisposition was merely assumed in order to get rid of them.

Their tastes, like their dispositions, were far asunder as the poles, and never likely to come closer. Historic monuments and classic ruins that interested and delighted him were to her so much rubbish; churches and palaces, the wonder of ages, the embodiment of beauty, she found merely damp and cold; picture galleries were for her places of unbroken dreariness, and scenery fatigued her beyond measure. What she most enjoyed during her stay abroad was a masked ball at Rome, a horse-race at Naples, and the gambling-tables at Monte Carlo. Not satisfied with taking pleasure in these, it displeased her that Colin did not feel interested in them likewise, and she resented his divergence of taste as a personal slight.

In all ways and all things he was indulgent, tolerant, and kind. No reproachful words ever came from his lips at her impatience, no rebuke for her unreasoning jealousy, no protest against her caprices. She was a woman, and above all women, his wife, and as such he felt it his duty to treat her with gentleness, defer to her wishes, humour her moods—not thinking he merely fed her selfishness, vanity, and egotism, but trusting his forbearance would presently teach her restraint, consideration, courtesy.

That she loved him was much, but it scarcely compensated for the pain and humiliation her aggressiveness, want of tact, and violent temper hourly, and sometimes all unconsciously, inflicted on his impressionable nature and sensitive disposition. The three months he had spent in her company seemed as three years; but yet never by look, sign, or word did he betray the disappointment he felt, the misery he feared.

On their homeward way they stayed in Paris some weeks, that she might consult Monsieur Worth on the gowns which she hoped would presently astound and make envious the women of her set. One morning on coming down to breakfast in their private sitting-room she found a letter from her father and from a girl who had been her bridesmaid. On her husband's plate was a square, well-filled envelope, directed in a man's writing and bearing the London postmark. Colin had not yet entered, and she took his letter in her hand as if she would master the contents by some occult purpose, then held it between her eyes and the light, while knowing it was impossible for her to read a line it contained. As she caught the sound of his footsteps, she hastily laid it down before further temptation assailed her, and took her place at the table. When she had poured out the coffee she opened her letters, and while pretending to read them carefully watched him as he glanced over his letter and smiled

from time to time. It was written by Arthur Bonnington, and ran as follows—

"DEAR OLD COLIN,—For three months I have not written to you, but now, as I hear you are staying in Paris previous to your return, I write a line to hope you are very well and very happy. By this time you have no doubt settled down comfortably as a married man, and I am prepared to hear all my fears regarding your wife's temper and jealousy were perfectly baseless. After all, they were merely founded on the colour of her hair, which I pronounced red, but which you will henceforth proclaim auburn; and the light in her eyes, that became flame-hued when anything ruffled the placid surface of her mind. I am quite willing, nay, anxious, to be convinced I was mistaken, prejudiced against one whom I feared would interrupt our old standing friendship; so forgive me, and bear no malice in your heart against me. Nothing of any importance has happened during your absence: perhaps you will think this strange, and marvel at the world continuing its old routine whilst matters of the greatest concern befall yourself. I go to the Temple every morning, with vague hopes of being entrusted with a brief, hopes that set with every sun and rise anew next day. The afternoon sees me at my club, reading newspapers that don't in the least interest me, meeting men for whom I don't care a rap. Sometimes I go out to dinner, sometimes to the play, and then my little life is rounded by a sleep. I frequently think I must follow your example and plunge into matrimony, if only for the sake of experience. I shall wait and take your advice, though you did not pay me the compliment of taking mine—happily, I hope, for yourself. I look forward to seeing you very soon, and having a long chat. Good-bye, old man.—Always your friend,
"ARTHUR BONNINGTON."

When Colin Rae laid down his letter, he encountered two fiery eyes fixed on him unflinchingly.

"What news?" his wife asked, in a harsh, dry voice, that grated painfully on his ears.

"Nothing in particular," he said quietly.

"And yet it was sufficient to amuse you. I saw you laughing," she remarked, her cheeks becoming scarlet.

"Yes; it's from Arthur Bonnington."

"Let me see it," she exclaimed quickly, holding out her hand with an imperious gesture.

"Hetty?" he said, calmly and reproachfully, recognising in her eyes the flame-like light of which Bonnington had spoken.

"Let me read that letter," she cried out, pointing to it once more.

"Certainly not," he replied in the same placid tones.

"Why?" she almost screamed.

"Because it was written for me alone."

"And your wife is not, I suppose, to share your amusements, to share your secrets, to have the privilege of this man you call your friend," she cried, her voice growing louder, and louder, hot tears of passion and vexation burning on her eyelids.

"Control yourself, the servants will overhear you," he said quietly.

"What do I care for the servants? I will see what secrets that letter holds," she answered, her excitement increasing.

"It contains no secrets," he replied, folding it up and placing it in his breast-pocket.

"Then why do you refuse to let me see it?"

"For the reason I stated."

"I don't believe you."

"Hetty!" he called out, hurt beyond measure at her words.

"I don't. How do I know what kind of life you led before your marriage? But this man Bonnington, whom I never liked, and whom I now hate, does, and sends you news your wife may not see—ready, no doubt, to bring you back to your former ways."

"This is untrue and unjust. My past contains nothing that could bring you or me pain or shame."

"You say so; but I might have known that in marrying a man like you—silent, reserved, and grave—I should be deceived. Why was I ever so blind as to believe in you?" she shouted, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, her bosom heaving, her breath coming quick and short.

"You agitate yourself about nothing; pray be sensible," he replied, his face becoming paler, the expression of his dark eyes growing sadder.

"How can you expect me to be sensible, when I have made a fool of myself by marrying a man who refuses me the slightest request I make—who has secrets I may not share? What will my poor dear father say when he learns my fate?"

"I have never refused a request of yours before, Hetty," he said, keeping his sorely-tried patience; "I have no secrets from you."

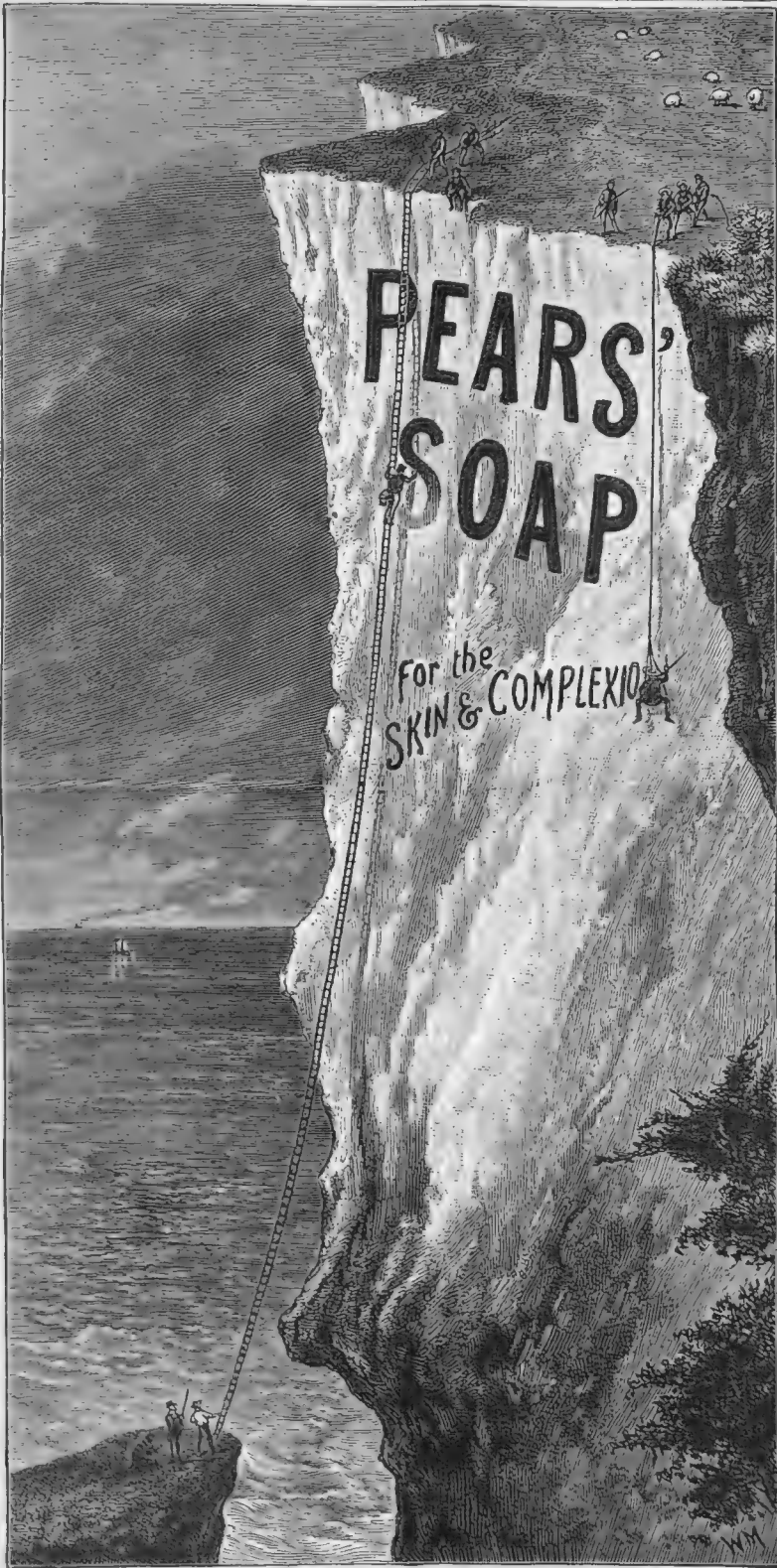
"You have, and I know you hate and despise me."

"You know nothing of the kind: remember, your passion forces you to say things of which you will repent in an hour," he remarked, striving to calm her.

"No; I have said nothing which I need repent. I know you were mean enough to marry me for my fortune," she hissed, stretching across the table.

Colin Rae rose from his place. "I have never touched a penny of your money, and I never will," he said gravely and firmly.

"No, you despise me too much. Say what is in your mind; you detest me—there's no use of striving to conceal it any longer. Was there ever a woman in the world so duped as I have been, so miserable as I am?" she cried, choking with passion, her neck and cheeks and forehead one blaze of scarlet, her eyes wild and brilliant, her frame quivering.



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"One of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

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About the age of twenty-one I am convinced that great changes and many exciting disturbances take place in the system, and that tonics are particularly required at that period. These irritations, I found, if attacked sufficiently early, are rendered very temporary, and no further nutrition drained from the system. If neglected, however—as in the case of a friend of mine—they become very momentous indeed. I have repeatedly told my acquaintances they need not be miserable or despondent, for should all other remedies have failed, Guy's Tonic will be equal to the occasion."

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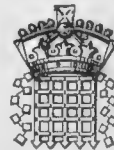
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1/- a lb.	1/3 a lb.	1/6 a lb.	1/9 a lb.	2/- a lb.
Of Excellent Quality.	Thoroughly Good Tea.	Of Great Strength and Fine Quality.	The May Pickings, covered with Bloom.	Highly Recommended as a Most Delicious Tea.

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"Hetty, Hetty!" he said, with something of pity as well as pain in his voice.

"Don't speak to me. Don't come near me. I will never see or speak to you again," she exclaimed, rushing out of the room and slamming the door behind her.

Colin Rae walked to the window and looked out. The sky was covered with grey clouds, the street was dark, and a thin drizzling rain had begun to fall. The aspect outside was dull, and harmonised with the sense of misery that had fallen on his life. For months he had done everything in his power to persuade himself he had not made a fatal and life-long mistake in marrying his wife, to ward off the depression which again and again had threatened him, to believe after all they might lead an harmonious if not a happy existence. But now he saw how impossible was the fulfilment of such a hope; how irrecoverable a step he had taken, how bleak and bitter the future that awaited him. She who should be the nearest and dearest of God's creatures had wilfully and wantonly inflicted such pain on him as he had never previously suffered; her words had wounded deeply, and would rankle for many a day, and would leave a scar for ever. His humiliation was greater because there was some truth in the statement that he had married for money, and he loathed himself as he had never done before. And above and beyond all came the thought that he was bound body and soul to his wife, liable to bear the subtle tortures, the bitter insults she might by her tactless manner or in her violent tempers choose to inflict.

His heart sank, for life and its joyous hours, its bright sunshine and careless happiness, seemed at an end, and only an existence fretted by domestic broils and constant anxieties stretched before him. Surely death would now be a relief. He went into the streets and walked onwards in the drizzling rain, careless where he turned, seeing nothing that he passed, his wife's harsh voice ringing in his ears, her words stinging him like the stripes of steel-thonged whips. Dazed and weary, he journeyed forward until he found himself close by the Louvre, which he mechanically entered by the Pavillon Sully, and walked through suites of vast rooms lined with pictures. But Murillo, Paul Veronese, Da Vinci, and Correggio failed for the first time in his life to give him pleasure, and he looked on them now as with the eyes of another man; so much do all men depend on their inner mood for the enjoyment of things surrounding them.

He passed little crowds of sightseers, knots of workmen out of employ, who sought shelter in the building, and artists engaged in copying, until, stepping into the deep embrasure of a window, he looked across the grey Pont Neuf towards the dark towers of Notre Dame rising against the threatening sky. Then a desire for air and freedom took possession of him, and once more he was in the streets, not caring where he went, walking rapidly, striving to make his body keep pace with his thoughts.

Suddenly he came to a square where a number of idlers stood silent and with scared faces, their eyes fixed as if fascinated upon a scaffold on which the sharp steel of the guillotine glistened in the wet. But a few hours previously it had severed a human head from its body, and sent a soul rushing, blind, horror-stricken, and darkened, into another world. Such sights appealed to the morbid side of Colin Rae's character, and he gazed at the terrible instrument with awe and interest, his vivid imagination picturing the last moments of the condemned, seeing him start and grow pale as he gazed upon the fearful knife, watching him take his last look at earth and sky before the bandage covered his eyes, noting the quivering of his limbs as he was led forward, and heeding the frightful shudder passing through him as his bared neck and haggard face protrude through the lunette. What must the victim's thoughts have been of his past life, of those who had loved or hated him, of the crime which had brought him to death? And what were his hopes or fears of the future, if he believed in such; what his terror at the violent severance of trunk and head? In fancy strong as reality, Colin saw the distorted face drop into the basket, the blood streaming hot and thick from the neck, with its veins and sinews distended and gaping, and he turned away from the Place de Grève with a feeling of physical illness he had never experienced before.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned to his hotel soaked with wet and weary. Hetty was absent from the sitting-room, nor on going to the bed-room did he find her there. He changed his clothes and, returning, made inquiries concerning her from the man who was laying the dinner, and heard she had left the hotel soon after he had gone out, not leaving word when she would return. He had no doubt she was shopping, and sitting down in a big arm-chair before the wood fire, he, being worn out by exercise and anxiety, soon fell into a profound sleep.

His slumber, however, was not untroubled by dreams, for the weight that had depressed him all day now took tangible shape, and he believed himself the perpetrator of some horrible crime. What its nature was, how or where it had happened, he could not say; he only knew he was fleeing from justice and was liable to death. His flight, however, was unavailing; the harsh, shrill voice of his wife pursued him; he was captured by a vast crowd that denounced him, and hurried him to the scaffold. There he stood, alone and unbefriended, upon this black and ghastly gibbet under a dark and ominous sky. No light in the clouds, heavy rain falling on him like the visible vengeance of Heaven, no mercy in the heart of his executioner, no pity in the faces of the dense, surging mob that glared at him with hungry eyes, longing for his death, waiting for the moment when the steel should flash and the warm blood come dripping from the dismembered and ghastly trunk.

Perspiration oozed from every pore of his body, his limbs trembled, and a groan escaped his lips. His hands were bound: with one wild look he bade farewell for ever to the world he never more should see, to the heavens hidden by angry clouds, and then came darkness. With slow

and measured pace he was led to the block, bowed his head, heard the creaking of the machine as the knife descended lower and lower between the grooved posts, then felt the cold touch of the murderous steel upon his neck, and all was over.

On going to her bed-room that morning Hetty gave way to a passionate storm of tears and choking sobs. She had bolted the door that her husband might not be able to enter when he came to sue for pardon and seek for peace, for she felt quite certain he would come, and every now and then suspended the outbursts of her grief to listen for his approaching footsteps. Presently she unlocked the door, resolving to admit him and listen to his apologies. He would see her suffering from the misery he had brought on her, kneel at her feet and beg for forgiveness which she would not grant, neither should she speak to him for many days. An hour passed, her passion had almost exhausted itself though she had striven to prolong it, and yet Colin had not sought her. This was strange, and, what was more, disappointing. It could scarcely be possible that he did not regret the scene at the breakfast-table, and yet he had not expressed his sorrow.

She listened, but there was no sound; she flung the door open, but he did not come, and after a few minutes' deliberation she entered the sitting-room, reproach, suffering, and indignation expressed in her eyes and in her bearing; but Colin was not there. After waiting half an hour, she summoned a servant, and, inquiring for him, learnt that Colin had gone out soon after breakfast. Then, as she sat in an alcove of the window, looking at the grey sky and drenching rain, a reaction set in, and she admitted that she had been much to blame. Her jealousy had made her unreasoning, her temper had hurried her to speak hard words and express unjust suspicions, which it must be bitter for him to bear. It was she who must sue for pardon, and she wondered if he would forgive her.

Then came recollections of his unfailing kindness, and, what was more, his exceeding thoughtfulness. She must have frequently tried his endurance, but he treated her with unvarying gentleness. She recalled a thousand acts that showed his care and affection: the good humour he had betrayed in answering her complainings, the tact with which he had met her thoughtless words and bitter speeches. Could it be that his forbearance had reached its limit, that his patience was exhausted? She loved him with all the warmth and the wilfulness of her nature, and his absence, especially after the scene of the morning, made her miserable. She could not bear the solitude and silence, the reproach of her conscience, the feeling of impending woe that gradually seized upon her. She would go out and seek him, humbly ask his pardon, confess herself in the wrong, promise never more to offend, and then he would surely forgive her, for he was generous, and could not bear to see her suffer.

She drove to the Luxembourg and the Louvre, hoping and expecting she would find him before the pictures he loved so well; but he was not in the galleries: then to the Bibliothèque; but again she was disappointed. With every moment her vague fears and threatening terrors increased, as did likewise her desire to see him, and, dismissing her carriage, she walked in the dismal rain up and down the boulevards, avenues, and streets, looking for him everywhere, her heart beating wildly, her clothes drenched, her limbs aching from fatigue. At last, miserable and weary, she returned to the hotel, and on opening the sitting-room door saw him sleeping in a chair by the fire.

An exclamation of joy and gratitude rose to her lips; but she repressed it, lest it might disturb him. She stood watching him, with a sense of pride and affection, thinking how handsome he was, how noble-looking, how good, sighing as she remarked the pallor of his face and its pained expression, which were due to her temper, and she resolved never more to wound him: she would die first.

She stole gently forward and stood beside him. His head was thrown back, a low moan escaped him, and, bending down, she pressed her cold lips against his throat. Then a shudder passed through his frame, something invisible fluttered in escaping from his mouth, and he was perfectly still.

She knelt beside him, watching him until he should awake, but, growing impatient, spoke to him in a low, subdued voice. "Colin, forgive me and forget my wicked words, for I love you so much that from my love springs jealousy, and I cannot bear that anyone should come near you in word, thought, or deed but myself. Speak, dear, and say I am pardoned."

No response came, no movement was perceptible, and she supposed he had not heard her. She twined her fingers in his dark hair, and as she touched his forehead she noticed how cold and clammy it was. Still kneeling, she laid her head upon his breast. "Colin, if you don't forgive me I shall be the most miserable woman in the world," she said, with a sob in her throat. "Don't you hear me, dear?"

Again, no answer: and then a terrible thought flashed on her, that though her head was laid against his breast she had not heard his heart beat. But setting aside this idea as a wild and terrible fancy, she called him again in a louder tone, and took the hand hanging over the arm-chair in her own. It was limp and cold, and fell from her grasp with a heavy, lifeless motion. Alarmed to the brink of madness, keeping at bay the fearful conviction that forced itself upon her and drove her to distraction, she bent her head above the slightly-opened mouth. No breath came from those still and pallid lips.

"Colin!" she exclaimed, raising him in her arms.

His head fell back limp and nerveless. She pressed him close and closer to her breast. "He's dead," she whispered, and then, raising her voice to a piercing shriek, she burst into the gruesome laughter of hopeless despair.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What will be the result of the railway troubles in the United States an observer from a distance is unable to predict, and by the time I am in print—or misprint, as the case may be—some result will doubtless have been attained. But the course taken by this dispute illustrates with great force the exceedingly dangerous and unstable condition of what we call civilised society. A trumpety quarrel between a manufacturer of railway cars and his workmen leads to the paralysis of communication over half a continent, to civil war and armed rebellion, to a sudden check in trade, a sudden throw-back into the Middle Ages. A few obscure men in some obscure saloon can dislocate the fabric of society, because they represent a trade-union.

And the worst of it is that we have come back to mediæval passions and conflicts and methods, while armed with modern weapons and influenced by modern needs. When the trade-guild of the Middle Ages fought the nominal lord of its city, and workmen gathered to one banner and nobles to the other, war was a common, almost habitual, employment. The merchants, with their train of pack-horses, looked out for the robber baron in the narrow passes or the deep woods. He, on his part, expected them to bring a clump of pikemen or crossbowmen to back up their own swords. But we are not ready for such violent delights nowadays—at least, not in great cities. In South America, indeed, one may drop into a revolution at any street-corner; but a man of business in an average commercial city is hardly prepared to find the station where he takes his daily train ablaze, and the sidings the scene of a spirited encounter with repeating rifles.

And all this is merely because one trade-union has been offended by the company that makes Pullman cars, and has, therefore, issued its orders to other trade-unions that no such cars are to be run, and that if railway companies try to run such cars their traffic is to be stopped. The whole movement seems by common report to emanate from an individual of the name of Debs. A "Labour leader" seems to do best with a monosyllabic name. The future of Labour lies with Burns and Mann rather than with Tillet, with Woods rather than with Pickard. Debs is, while I write, one of the most prominent persons in the United States. Nobody ever heard of him before, and it would seem exceedingly desirable that nobody should ever hear of him again.

But society cannot fight these disturbers of the public peace with equal weapons. In Russia, a few squadrons of Cossacks with whips and revolvers would long ago have made an end of Debs and all his followers. But this is because the Russian Government, though it uses modern methods, is still mediæval in spirit—or, rather, a blend of the Middle Ages and the Roman Empire. But when the modern Englishman comes out of a theatre and finds no cabs waiting, or, having taken a cab, finds it stopped by a mob of strikers, he does not reply to mediæval methods in a mediæval temper. He does not call his friends, and cut a way for cabs out of the beleaguered yard, nor does he open fire from his hansom on the obstructing mob. He walks, or takes an omnibus; if he is angry, he writes to a newspaper; but, so far from righting his own wrong, he is content to wait till both sides to the dispute are tired out, and a resplendent Home Secretary comes forth to arbitrate.

When men who are engaged in working for any railway company, or in any other industry necessary to the comfort and working of society, not only withdraw from their employment, as they have a right to do, but violently prevent that occupation from being carried on by anyone else, they are not only destroying the property of their former employers as an act of private vengeance, they are inflicting a serious inconvenience on the general public, for their own advantage. In a word, they are engaging at once in private war and in rebellion. If the State is to exist at all as a force, it must suppress such outbreaks with a strong hand. If Debs can paralyse American trade when he chooses, he will have founded an independent State within the Union, and one more hurtful than was the Confederacy, for Jefferson Davis wished for independence merely, whereas Debs wishes to control all outside of his own organisations.

I do not express an opinion on the merits of this or any Labour dispute. I merely say that such conflicts must be either peaceful or warlike, and that, if acts of violence take place, it must be recognised that a state of civil war exists, and society must accommodate itself to this mediæval revival.

After all, it will be a new excitement,

MARMITON,

OUR POSTBAG.

Charles Dickens treasured a letter addressed by a would-be contributor to *Household Words*. Its mildest epithet was "villain," and the tirade ended with this instruction: "There! put that in your pipe and smoke it!" Nowadays, this adjectival tobacco is still proffered to the long-suffering race of editors. The other day a well-known writer was so irritated by my inability to accept a certain article from him that he felt bound to call me "a cad" on cream-laid paper. I thought of reproducing the whole letter herewith, but as the writing might give rise to a guessing competition—which, we know, is illegal—I refrain. Let me inform him that the "cad," far from reciprocating his ill-will, hopes to read many of his elegant compositions—in other magazines. A lady writes three foolscap pages to me, complaining that she has been inveigled into a lunatic asylum, after suffering from occult influences wrought in a London square. On her return, after ten days, she "was more subtly annoyed than before." She further gives me the entirely new information that her grandmother married a prince, and that the family came from Kent. You will not be surprised to hear that towards the end of this extraordinary epistle she follows the example of Mr. Dick as regards King Charles's head. I next turn to a long letter from Bombay, requesting an annual subscription of "the paltry sum of three rupees" towards a newspaper which the editor describes as "the outcome of love's labour only." Such a rarity really deserves success and rupees. As a good specimen of this editorial style, I extract the following sentences—

We again back (*sic*) to draw your benign attention to the fact that it is only for the intellectual relish that we publish this journal. We at the same time request you to believe us in our disposition and help us by clearing the path, to the goal of our ambition; and for the successful end of our honest aim we shall ever be thankful to you.

From Colorado comes, not a beetle, but a very strong remonstrance against "the Populist Governor." As, however, that State is, happily, not under our jurisdiction, I pass over with a sigh the lengthy diatribes of this fiery correspondent. They seem unsettled in another State, also, for from South America I have had quite a touching appeal to my sentiment as a Briton who never will be a slave. But, in the language of Mr. Kipling's latest, "Follow me 'ome." Here is a truly modest request from the suburbs of London. A gentleman, evidently thinking we need mental exercise, asks us to find a certain paragraph which "appeared in the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, or"—mark you well this lovely vagueness—"some other paper," about two years ago. When found, the paragraph is to be pasted on a postcard (contrary to the G.P.O. regulations), and sent to this thoughtful reader, who even forgot to enclose the postcard. A valiant correspondent, who writes under his signature, "I enclose my card and fear no man," tries to revive my interest in the Tichborne case. I find from his letter that "the greatest villany [underlined], perjury [ditto], and corruption [ditto] was resorted to in those days by Gladstone and all the Government officials." How this statement, made by a manufacturer of orange wine—as I see by his notepaper—will shock poor Mr. Gladstone! This correspondent adds: "I am prepared to forfeit my life if I cannot prove to the world as to the Claimant's being the true man." This is notwithstanding the fact that he is seventy-six years old, and has "been offered one thousand sovereigns in hard cash by someone connected with the Gladstone Government to recall my evidence." No wonder Mr. Gladstone resigned. This Australian gentleman really deserves a better cause in which to expend his unlimited vocabulary. Why does he waste his sweetness on the desert air in the village where his orange wine can be obtained, when Parliament is craving fervent orators? Few men who had attained the age of seventy-six years would feel inclined to relinquish whatever balance of life remained in order to revive interest in a subject which is on its way to the limbo of half-remembered things.

To conclude my survey of a few out of a multitude of curious letters, let me give this excerpt and sketch—



"You may call it what you like."

Dear Sirs. Having painted a picture, in oils, illustrating an elderly man seated at a table enjoying his luncheon. Have a great wish to dispose of same. Shall feel greatly obliged if you will kindly send me word at your earliest convenience whether you purchase this kind of thing for reproduction? If you entertain this application I should be most happy to send it up for your inspection. Size 20 x 16. You could give what title you thought best.

The only point which I have to criticise in this drawing is the singular expression on the "elderly man's" face. It is hardly significant of his "enjoying his luncheon," but rather suggests that he has burnt his fingers by inadvertently grasping a glass containing boiling water! But,

then, my correspondent gives a fine latitude in the selection of a title, so I must not grumble at his lack of inspiration.

I TAKE
VOGELER'S CURATIVE COMPOUND



Cures
INDIGESTION

Cures
DYSPEPSIA

THE QUEEN of MEDICINES.

Most People Have Found

THAT it is not wise to experiment with cheap medicines, purporting to cure Dyspepsia and to purify the blood. They do not do it, because they have been found to possess no medicinal value.

It Pays to Use

Vogeler's Curative Compound because it can always be depended upon.

It does not vary—it is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is a superior pharmaceutical preparation of exceptional merit. It cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Constipation, Debility, Liver and Kidney Difficulties.

It searches out all impurities in the blood, and expels them from the system by the natural channels. Everyone suffering from disease as above should use

Vogeler's Curative Compound.

Sold by all dealers in medicine throughout the world, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 6d. per bottle, or sent by parcel post by the Sole Proprietors, on receipt of 14 or 30 postage stamps, or equivalent. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon Road, London.

OUR MOTTO IS

Vogeler's Cures.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS AND WAVERS.

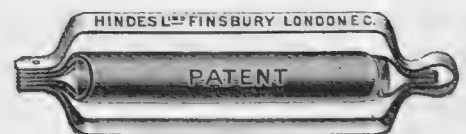
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Boxes, of all
Hairdressers, Drapers,
and Fancy Houses
throughout the
three Kingdoms.

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WITHOUT
HEAT.



Patented at Home and Abroad.

Bright Metal.



ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

HORSES

HUMAN USE

ROYAL

UNIVERSAL

1/- 2/-
2/6 3/6
Per Bottle.

1/12



BRUISES.
STIFFNESS.
SPRAINS.

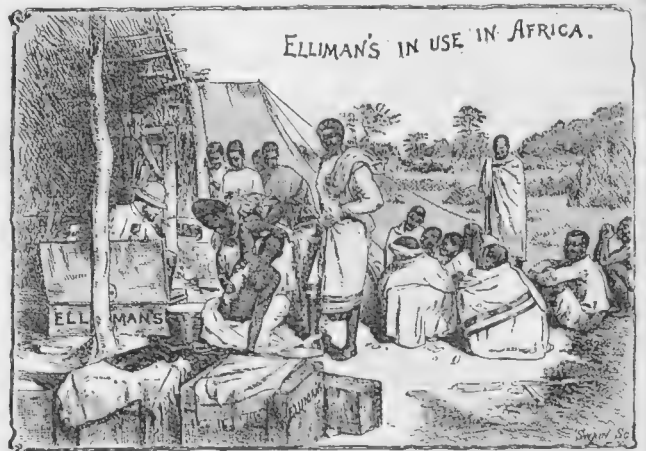
Cyclist: "Nothing like Elliman's."
Horseman: "That's so!"

HORSES. CATTLE.
DOGS. BIRDS.

FOR ACHES & PAINS

FACTS, NOT ASSERTIONS.

This picture is reproduced from an instantaneous photograph taken by John Benett Stanford, Esq., at Engatana, about 100 miles up the Tana River, when upon an exploring expedition. Most of the patients are Abyssinians and some Somalis, but Elliman's Embrocation was used for the bruised shoulders of the Zanzibari porters, who are great lovers of it, and are always intensely amused at the sight of the white embrocation upon their black skins.



ELLIMAN'S AND THE PONDOS.

"I may mention that it was a Basuto that doctored or charmed Sigeau's army in the last attack against Umlilangaso. His plan was to paint the usual black cross on the warrior's brow, but not having had a sufficient supply of the medicine he fell back upon Elliman's Embrocation and made a white cross on some, and the whitened ones, believing they were invulnerable, were more daring than the others, but the fates ordained it so that there were far more of their number killed in the bush than those who had not the white cross."—East London Dispatch, South Africa, March 17, 1891.

MORAL—When you use Elliman's rub it well in.

ELLIMAN'S AND THE PONDOS.

ASPINALL'S

(INVENTOR OF THE ENAMEL)

NEIGELINE.

(ABSOLUTELY NON-POISONOUS).

MAKES THE SKIN LIKE BEAUTIFUL VELVET,
COOL, WHITE, CLEAR, AND FIRM.

After SUMMER SUN,
TANNING WIND,
HEATED ROOMS,
THIS PEERLESS PREPARATION STANDS UNRIVALLED.

A LEADING LADY IN SOCIETY WRITES:

"After heated rooms and entertainments of all kinds, I find your new invention, 'NEIGELINE,' is the most deliciously refreshing thing I have ever used. You have given ladies another boon."

Testimonials from MADAME PATTI, &c., &c.

NEIGELINE.

Is Sold Everywhere, or post free, 3s. 9d. per Bottle, from

EDWARD ASPINALL,
Gresse Street Works, Rathbone Place, London, W.

TRIUMPH!

THE CHAMPION BABY

AT THE

KNIGHTSBRIDGE SHOW

WAS REARED FROM

THREE WEEKS AFTER BIRTH

UPON MILK AND

Robinson's Patent Barley

VIDE REPORT IN

PALL MALL GAZETTE, June 19th.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

How sad that considerably more than half of the cricket season is already behind us! Sadder still, when one thinks of the very few days of real cricketing weather we have had. Perhaps the most exciting part of the season's play, however, is yet to come. Only about half of the county championship matches have been played. The second part, being the deciding part, will necessarily possess more interest.

It is all very well for some superior persons to talk about the love of the game apart from county rivalry. No doubt, cricket in the abstract is a very pretty thing; but, when one comes to think of it, it really does



T. RICHARDSON.

not exist. A healthy rivalry between counties and clubs gives zest to every game, and even our representative matches owe much of their attractiveness to the desire of the public to see one side or the other win.

Although we had all the cricketing talent, amateur and professional, in the recent Gentlemen v. Players matches, they did not attract much more than half the attendance one would see at a first-class county game. This, to some extent, is to be regretted, because one can always depend upon seeing something like the perfection of batting and bowling in these matches. In the Gentlemen we have all that is best and brightest in batting, while the Players show what science and laborious training have done for manipulation of the leather.

I can remember no better example of the glorious uncertainty of the game than the result of the Players' matches this season. At the Oval, the Players, on a good wicket, with none the best of the luck, easily beat the Gentlemen by an innings and 27 runs. Three days later, at Lord's, on a moderate wicket which gave no advantage to either side, the Gentlemen defeated the Players by an innings and 39 runs. The Gentlemen's victory was almost entirely due to the magnificent bowling of F. S. Jackson, the Yorkshire amateur. It is simply amazing that on a wicket which did not specially favour the bowler an English amateur should be able to capture twelve of the best professional wickets in England for 77 runs. The like has never been heard of before. Mr. Jackson's success did not end here, for he obtained 63 runs, the highest score in the match. If ever a game deserved to be named after a man, posterity should look upon this match as "Jackson's match." It might also be stated that for the first time for fifteen years two gentlemen, Woods and Jackson, have bowled unchanged through two innings of a Players' match.

It is, perhaps, well for Surrey that, in the enforced absence of Richardson, their best bowler, they have not had too many first-class matches to play. I had a talk with Richardson the other day. He tells me his ricked side is quite better, and that he will be able to play against Kent at Catford on the 23rd inst. There is always a fear with a man who puts so much steam into his work as Richardson that a ricked side may return and bother him again. Surrey are certainly well advised in nursing the Mitcham man as much as possible. It may be remembered that Kent defeated Surrey at Catford last season. Surrey will continue their Midland tour to-morrow, when they play Leicestershire.

Somerset are still in the north. Their match against Yorkshire at Huddersfield to-day will be followed with keen interest. Lancashire will be at Bristol in pursuit of Gloucestershire and a victory. Kent entertain Notts at Maidstone, where the Men of Kent will possibly add to their laurels. Next Monday will see Gloucestershire at Leeds, where Yorkshire will be played. Notts are due at Brighton to meet Sussex, and Lancashire will travel to Taunton to play Somerset.

GOLF.

At present there is great commotion over the innocent and unoffending "stimie." Some favour its abolition, some a modification, and others no change at all. Perhaps many of the public will ask, "What is a stimie, anyhow?" To the non-golfer it will be difficult to explain, and the golfer, of course, needs no explanation. It might be stated, to the curious that it is not for eating. One hears of a player "laying a stimie" in much the same manner as a hen lays an egg. To put it very shortly, a stimie means that a player has laid his ball in front of his opponent's ball so close to the hole that it is impossible for the player farthest away, whose turn it is to take his stroke, to hole out without hitting his opponent's ball. I know this explanation is very insufficient to a golfer; but it may give the public a better idea than a more correct and technical explanation.

Already a modification has been made on the stimie to the effect that one may lift one's opponent's ball if it be within six inches of the striker's ball. There is, probably, much to be said for its abolition; but I prefer to keep the stimie as it is, and treat it as one of the ordinary hazards of the game. Meanwhile, a number of amateur and professional players have been canvassed on the matter, who have expressed themselves in different ways. The following players have declared in favour of entire abolition: Messrs. A. D. Blyth, H. S. C. Everard, Stuart Anderson, David Anderson, and H. H. Hilton, together with Archie Simpson, Tom Morris, and Peter Paxton. The following have declared in favour of its abolition in important matches and championship contests: Messrs. John Ball, jun., Mure-Ferguson, Horan Hutchinson, Leslie Balfour, and Willie Fernie. In favour of a modification of the present rule, allowing the obstruction to be moved in case the stimie is laid by the opponent, are Messrs. F. G. Tait, Laidlaw, Purves, and H. R. Foster. Against its abolition appear the names of Messrs. Hall, Blyth, J. L. Low, A. M. Rois, together with Taylor, Rolland, Hugh Kirkaldy, Auchterlonie, and Sayers.

The demand for golfing courses in and around London appears to be far in excess of the supply. The subscription to most of the London clubs is so high that it would exclude two-thirds of the golfing population of Scotland. In many instances the membership is so large that neither love nor money can obtain an entry. I have been looking round some of the outlying districts of London, and am convinced that there are several spots within ten miles of the capital where suitable golf greens might be laid down. Speculative builders and others who are waiting for a rise in ground values might do much worse than utilise what is termed their waste ground by laying down a golf green. Properly managed, it would, no doubt, pay better than ground rents for a good many years to come. I throw out this hint gratis, and shall be pleased to be elected a life-member by the first man who is 'cute enough to found a club upon my suggestion.

CYCLING.

It is now definitely announced that young Michael, of Aberavon, who recently won so plucky a race in the Surrey Hundred Miles at Herne Hill, and broke all existing records, will not start in the twenty-four hours path race to be decided towards the end of the month at the same venue. Up to time, Frank Shorland, the holder, has not received a license, but it is not expected that any difficulty will arise in connection therewith. Shorland has won the race twice in succession, and I believe that if he wins the Cucu Cocoa Challenge Cup this month he makes the trophy his absolute property. Among the other distinguished entrants I notice F. T. Bidlake, who recently broke the fifty-mile triecyle record; H. R. Carter, the popular winner of the Putney twenty-four hours race at Putney; and C. G. Wridgway, the twelve-hours Anchor Shield holder.

The clerical staff of Mr. T. J. Lipton had a most successful garden party and athletic meeting in the grounds of the esteemed head of the great firm. Every provision was made for the entertainment of the large company, and Mr. Lipton himself was indefatigable in making everybody at home. There was a tennis tournament, a skipping competition, croquet, bowls, and tugs-of-war, and in all of these pastimes there were plenty of pleased participants.

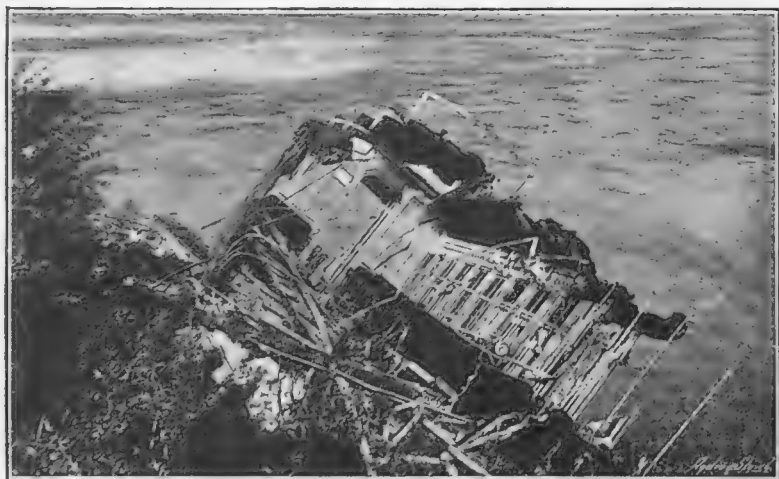
OLYMPIAN.

AN EXPRESS FALLEN THROUGH A BRIDGE.

One of those accidents to which the special conditions of American railways render them more liable, happily for us, than our English lines happened on that famous trans-American line, the Canadian Pacific, a few weeks ago. In the latter part of May and the early days of June the excessive heat that prevailed was the cause of numerous forest fires. The Canadian Pacific line runs for hundreds of miles through dense forests on its way from Montreal to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. Just beyond the head of Lake Superior there is one of these thickly-timbered districts—a region, by-the-way, which the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* passed through on his way West, some time ago, as readers may remember. Although the line is constructed with exceptional care, it did not escape mishap. At a point called Mattawan, fourteen or



fifteen miles beyond Port Arthur and Fort William, the railway crosses a river by a bridge built of wood and stone. Around this bridge the forest fires had raged so fiercely as to destroy the structure, notwithstanding the proximity of the river. Clouds of smoke hid the burning bridge on June 9, when the West-bound Pacific express—the one through-express which is run daily—approached the bank of the river. The engine-driver, supposing the smoke to be merely that of the burning trees around him, did not slacken speed, for he had no reason to suspect the bridge. No sooner was his engine upon it, however, than the bridge collapsed, and the long cars which followed the engine were heaped upon it in the bed of the river. There, in spite of the river being full of water, the burning timbers speedily set fire to the cars, and the whole of that portion of the train that had gone over the bank was presently in a blaze. These trains usually carry the postal car next the engine, and it was so in this case; consequently, the whole of the mail from the East—whether English letters, American, or those from the busy centres of Montreal and Toronto—was destroyed by the flames, the loss and inconvenience thereby caused being, no doubt, very great. This was by no means the worst, however. In the first-class car, which followed the mail car into the river, there were, happily, but few persons travelling, but at least two of them—and, possibly, more



whose names have not been discovered—were either burnt to death or drowned. One Canadian lady was in the car, in company with her four children. The lady's body was found in the river after the accident, while the children were left uninjured. Besides these, there were a number of more or less severe casualties, the men on the engine being among the worst sufferers. The views of the scene of the accident which we print to-day are from photographs taken a few hours after the catastrophe occurred.

A ROYAL CHRISTENING.

The "New Boy" at White Lodge, as somebody rather disrespectfully has been naming the royal heir, was christened on Monday by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In connection with the event we reproduce a curious



old-fashioned print of the christening robes of the Princess Elizabeth Georgiana Adelaide. She was the second and last child of William IV., and was born on Dec. 10, 1819. She died fifteen months later, leaving the King, who was then Duke of Clarence, childless.

The Catholic concert in aid of an East-End church, held at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, was very fully attended and completely successful. M. Edouard de Reszke was recalled with many plaudits after both songs, and gave as encore a most original composition, ending with a loud exclamation at the end of each verse, which seemed to greatly surprise his audience. The great basso was in superb form. Madame Duma made many admirers by her artistic rendering of a number from "Der Freischütz." Mr. Dudley Buck, writer of many charming songs, was heard in "Salve dimora." The boy-violinist Huberman played with an ease and finish surprising in one so young. M. Slivinski, besides a duet with Mlle. Janotha, gave a much-appreciated solo, and Miss Beata Francis was heard in "O luce di quest' anima"; so that with such a strong list of artists and sufficiently numerous audience the East-End church should benefit to a substantial extent.

Mrs. W. B. Huntingdon's last afternoon party at Grosvenor Square came off with great success and much consumption of peaches and strawberries on Wednesday. Some excellent music was heard, and the usual throng of well-known faces met with at every step of the congested staircase. Mrs. Huntingdon's ball on Thursday evening was unusually well-arranged also, the decorations exceptionally well done, and the usual crowding, so inseparable from a big London dance, judiciously avoided. In speaking to another well-known hostess on this subject lately, I was much amused by her characteristic summing-up of a chronic difficulty on the question of over-crowding. "Everything large has gone out of fashion," she said decisively; "dowagers and incomes among the rest, not to mention houses; so, to fit everything in, I only ask young people to my balls, and find it answers admirably." A truly epigrammatic solution of the matter.

Messrs. Jarrold will shortly issue a three-and-sixpenny edition, in cloth, of all Helen Mathers' novels, with the exception of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Sam's Sweetheart," and "A Man of To-Day."



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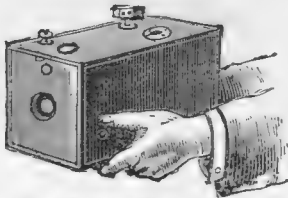
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IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES granted on favourable terms.

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BY
OUR PECULIAR PROCESS
OF MANUFACTURE

This Tobacco is always in a moist condition (thereby avoiding dry dust so common to Smoking Tobacco), free from all impurities, smoking sweet to the end and not biting the tongue or making the mouth sore. The combustion of this Tobacco will be found perfect, and the last whiff of the pipe

SWEETER BY FAR

than the first, a merit possessed by no other Smoking Tobacco.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CAN BE OBTAINED WITH AGE AND GENUINENESS

GUARANTEED
BY THE
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GOLD CAPSULE, 1886 make. Bottled under Government supervision. 48s. per dozen.

WHITE CAPSULE. Bottled by the Wine Merchants in England. 43s. per dozen.

OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS. London Offices: 69 & 70, MARK LANE, E.C.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The Medical Profession for over Fifty Years have approved of this pure solution as the best remedy for

ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, GOUT, and
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,
and as the safest Aperient for Delicate Consti-
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Sold throughout the World.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Manufactured in three sizes at 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., and 25s. each. For a Present or Souvenir you could not give anything more useful and appropriate than a SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

1. 14-carat Gold—therefore never corrodes.
2. Iridium tipped—therefore never wears out.
3. Instantly ready for use.
4. Writes continuously for many hours.
5. Economical—outlasting 20,000 steel pens.
6. Saves fully £15 in cost of steel pens and inks.
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FINALLY—As nearly perfect as inventive skill can produce.

FOR WEDDING & COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, THE IDEAL OBJECT.

We only require your steel pen and handwriting to select a suitable pen.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application.

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Modern Sanitary Arrangements. Electric Light throughout.
SPIERS & POND. (Proprietors)

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52/-
per doz.

LACOSTE and CO., EPERNAY, have determined to supply their HIGH-CLASS BRAND of Champagne DIRECT to Consumers, thus saving Agents' Commissions and Merchants' Profits, and are enabled thereby to supply their

VINTAGE 1884, EXTRA DRY,

old landed, at 52s. per doz. net cash, the ordinary retail price of which is 84s.

SAMPLE BOTTLES and CASES 52s. per Doz.

The famous 1889 Vintage is now just being shipped, and can be supplied at 48s. per doz.

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In HALF-A-MINUTE you can make a pure, bright, DELICIOUS JELLY with boiling water and a packet of

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(Patented).

ALWAYS TURNS OUT WELL.

No Sediment. Never Fails. Will keep for years in any Climate. Sold in ten flavours (Orange, Lemon, Vanilla, Almond, Calfsfoot, &c.) by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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"What do you think of this? Made in half-a-minute by the mere addition of boiling water."

A LAXATIVE & REFRESHING FRUIT LIZZAGE. MOST AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

FOR

CONSTIPATION,

Hæmorrhoids,

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VICTORIEN SARDOU.



"I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of Mariani Wine, which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality."

HENRY IRVING.



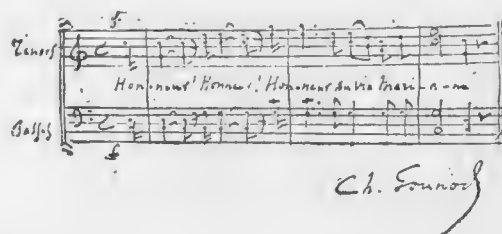
"... The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigour, health, and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race."

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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The shadows fall heavily on the House of Commons in these dull days. The Budget is not yet over, but it is in its last stage, and almost by the time these lines are in print it ought to be carried. There is no longer any zest in the discussion. The same old subjects are trotted out over and over again, and we have had on report a simple rehash of all the matters that have been discussed in Committee. Of course, this is obstruction. No one denies it; no one can fail to see it. The only plea which the Tories venture to put in is that its obstruction is directed not primarily against the Budget, but against the rest of the Government programme, or rather against the Government's refusal to say what their programme is to be. There has always been some excuse for this kind of tactics. Either the Budget is bad and is going to ruin the landlords and drive property from the country, or the Government are trying to do too much, or are going too fast, or are making things too agreeable for their Irish or Welsh allies. I do not know that it can be said with certainty that the Budget could have been carried by the closure very much quicker than it has gone through without; but certain it is that affairs are in the hands of the Opposition. Mr. Balfour is far more Leader of the House than Sir William Harcourt, and, though he is merciful and does not use his power as he might use it, he makes the Government feel the lash on occasion. Sir William may be right or he may be wrong in accepting this situation; but it is quite certain that his party will not be too pleased when they come to reckon the losses and gains next month or in September. It will make a small show, and I doubt whether there will be much beyond the Budget to go into it.

DIPLOMACY V. STATESMANSHIP.

Meanwhile, Lord Rosebery has apparently satisfied the Welshmen; perhaps I ought to say squared them. He has given a definite promise that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill shall be the first measure of next session, which is now tolerably certain to see the Government in power. In fact, things are being managed with a certain dexterity which is a tribute to the diplomatic side of Lord Rosebery's character. But in the larger matters of policy things are not looking so well. Lord Rosebery has not quite satisfied his followers from the point of view of the higher statesmanship. He has been too cautious, too much addicted to utterances of doubtful import, which have not the Disraelian snap and epigrammatic force to have the same effect of dazzling his hearers. Another difficulty is that the Government have not up to the present shown any sign of taking up the House of Lords question. Mr. Morley made a speech much less emphatic than was expected of him, and Lord Rosebery has been silent and has shown no disposition to accept the verdict of Leeds. I must say, therefore, that there is a certain feeling of distrust and uncertainty which does not bode well for an enthusiastic political campaign in the autumn. On the other hand, the Government are very far from being unpopular. They do not make many mistakes, the Budget is good, Ireland is quiet, foreign policy has been fairly successful, and the only cloud in the sky—though that, no doubt, is a considerable one—is the Labour party. It will not be easily rolled away, and we shall want statesmanship rather than diplomacy to bring the party into thorough fighting trim.

A COMING DIFFICULTY.

One Parliamentary difficulty, however, is clearly before us, and that is the Miners Eight-Hours Bill. What is the Government going to do with it? They have two parties to reckon with. By far the stronger is that of the eight-hours men, led by picked, strong-willed workers like Mr. John Burns and Mr. Pickard, backed by able Parliamentarians like Sir Charles Dilke, and enforced by the votes of the majority of the party. On the other hand, there is a knot of a score or more Old Liberals, most of them very rich men of the type of Sir Joseph Pease and Sir James Joicey, who, moreover, on this particular Bill have the sympathy of two members of the Government—Mr. Morley and Mr. Burt. Their force is very ably wirepulled by Mr. D. A. Thomas, a very acute and hard-working lobbyist, who may be trusted to know and to play all the moves of the game. Moreover, there is the sensible difficulty that when the Bill goes into Committee it will meet with two new currents of opposition—first, that of the Local Option men, and the second that of the men who want the eight hours to be reckoned from a point inside the pit, and not from bank to bank. On the whole, it looks a little doubtful whether the Bill can really go through. The Government will have to fight for it. They are deeply pledged, and Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt have gone further in this direction than, perhaps, any of their colleagues.

THE HARCOURT BANQUET.

Everything promises well for the success of the dinner to Sir William Harcourt at the National Liberal Club. About two hundred Liberal members of Parliament are expected to be present, and the chairman on this interesting occasion will be most likely Mr. Jacob Bright, whose services to his party cover a very lengthy span of time. The *Times* leading article, which has been the chief topic of political gossip, must have amused Sir William as a former contributor to the "Thunderer" by the adroit way in which it sought to bring divisions into the Liberal ranks, all the while pretending to bless the Prime Minister. In this dull season for anything in the nature of sensation one must be thankful.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Dulness—hopeless, awful dulness—hung round the report stage of the Budget. There are only four Radicals who understand the Bill, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Bob Reid, Sir John Rigby, and Sir William Harcourt himself, and it is terrible up-hill work for any unfortunate Conservative critic who tries to point out some frightful blunder in the Bill which will make everybody grumble whenever it comes into operation. How many there are I hope will never be found out in practice; but it is the duty of a House of Commons to prevent them in theory, and, however much my flippant Radical friends may gibe at the "Busy B's," as they call them, there is no gainsaying the fact that the only people who have taken the Budget seriously as part of the social legislation of this country are their Conservative critics, who have fought so hard to amend its blunders. Messrs. Bartley, Bowles, Byrne, and Butcher—Mr. Balfour of late has been a Busy B, too—have done what they were sent to the House of Commons to do, and they are not at all likely to lose by it when election time comes round. Mr. Balfour, by-the-way, has been exceedingly felicitous in his Budget speeches all through. His lightness of touch and grace of manner, together with his readiness and unvarying good humour, have been as remarkable as Sir William Harcourt's peculiar patience, or the Attorney-General's grotesque *gaucherie*. The conclusion which Conservatives have come to over the Budget is that it must now be left to history. It is a very clumsy piece of work; but if the Radicals can't do better—why, let succeeding generations put the blame on the right shoulders. The men who have come out of its discussions with enhanced reputations are certainly the Busy B's, and nobody else. Mr. Chamberlain, by-the-way, has taken hardly any part in it, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen being left to lead the Opposition, Mr. Goschen as the financier, Mr. Balfour as the statesman and philosopher, who has never aspired to be a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and does not conceal his contempt for the narrow, pedantic considerations beloved by lawyers and the Treasury.

THE EVICTED TENANTS BILL.

Whatever other arrangements are made by the Government as regards the business of the House, it will be well not to lose sight of one important point about the Evicted Tenants Bill. If the Bill is rejected at all, it will be rejected by the House of Lords. There is no reason to doubt that the Radical majority, composite as it is, will contrive to pass it in the House of Commons. But if the Bill is definitely rejected this session the Government will be absolutely forced, by the exigencies of the present Parliamentary situation, to go further, in order to give satisfaction to their Irish allies. Home Rule would, in that case, be followed in its rejection by the same blow to the Plan of Campaign Relief Bill. The Irish members can stand a good deal, but they would hardly be able to stand this. Lord Rosebery's only course would be to make some demonstration against the House of Lords which would land him in a dissolution. This is probably the consideration which has prompted the revival of September or November dissolution rumours. But there are a good many members, both Liberal and Liberal Unionist, who would really like to make the Evicted Tenants Bill a fair and acceptable measure. Mr. Morley, I believe, has every inclination to make concessions to Irish Unionist opinion in the matter; but he has great pressure put upon him not to do so, and the result cannot yet be foreseen. If the Bill were made acceptable to the Opposition in the House of Commons, there would be no rejection in the House of Lords. But, even if the Bill passed, I do not see how fresh difficulties from fresh evictions are to be prevented from occurring.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

One measure, at any rate, has been cleared out of the way during the week. Lord Rosebery has informed the Welsh members that the Disestablishment Bill will be the first Bill for next session, and the Welsh members have taken this pledge as satisfying their demands. What may happen before the arrival of next session one cannot tell, but it is quite possible that circumstances may cause this pledge to be modified. The funny thing is the way the extremists have come to heel after all. Mr. Lloyd-George might have had this pledge for the shadowy next session at any time.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Salisbury, in the meantime, has made a beginning of the Unionist social programme in the House of Lords. His Anti-Aliens Bill is only introduced by him as a private member, but alien immigration is one of the subjects which Mr. Chamberlain had already stated that the Unionist party would have to legislate upon. Lord Rosebery and the Liberal press have rather given themselves away by abusing Lord Salisbury for plain speaking about the Anarchists, who come and plot here in England. But the introduction of the Bill has already given great satisfaction abroad, and, as it is certain that unchecked alien immigration is one of the curses of the British labour market, the Bill is likely to be no less popular in trade-unionist circles. Altogether, this is a very good little Bill, and its introduction is a great success. It shows the constituencies that, if the Radicals are occupied in tinkering the Constitution and destroying old institutions, there is somebody else who is able and willing to initiate real constructive social legislation. If we could only get these Bills introduced oftener in the House of Lords, and then let the country see how good legislation is forced to wait by the hopeless party fighting and electoral gerrymandering which goes on in the House of Commons, the Upper House would have its merits more recognised.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It is always delightfully fascinating to get a peep into futurity—where fashions are concerned; at any rate—so I considered myself fortunate when, on paying a visit the other day to Madame Humble, of 19, Conduit Street, I found that this clever originator of novelties had just completed

some gowns intended for wearing during the autumn season by a well-known American at present visiting London, and replenishing her wardrobe meanwhile. They are thoroughly typical of the fashions which will prevail during the later months of the year, months which will see the dethronement of *moiré antique* and the inauguration of the reign of dull corded silks and rich velvets, and when browns and greens will be the chosen colours of our liege-lady Dame Fashion.

Well, to return to these very "previous" gowns. One was of dark cornflower-blue canvas cloth, the skirt made quite plain, but finished at the back with short, full coat tails, which looked as if they were a continuation of the bodice, which was prettily draped up to the centre of the bust in front, and tied over a vest of shot silk with a bow of chiné ribbon, a similar bow being placed at the throat, and another at the waist, and all being finished with an oval-shaped jet buckle. Large revers and full sleeves with gauntlet cuffs completed a

thoroughly smart costume, which, however, had to yield to the superior attractions of the second dress, a unique creation, composed of the finest Venetian cloth in a beautiful shade of brown. The skirt, which was arranged in tablier form in front, opened at each side over a panel of shot fawn and old-rose taffetas glacé, and was entirely bordered with fine black-and-gold braid, three gold buttons being placed at each side of the tablier. The little double-breasted coat bodice was cut up squarely in front to admit a full, slightly-overhanging blouse front of the shot silk, which also formed the tiny vest at the top, the deep roll collar, revers, and square shoulder-cape being all finished with an edging of braid. It makes one quite long for autumn, does it not? to have a chance of wearing such delightful gowns; but in the meantime, as we cannot live so far in advance, it behoves me to provide you with something more seasonable, so I will ask you to turn your attention to the two accompanying sketches, and see if one or other, or both, of them commends itself to you. For a garden party, or any such festive occasion, nothing could be more charming than the dress of string-coloured grass lawn, the skirt ornamented with bands of exquisite open-work embroidery, wide at the waist, and tapering to a point below the knees, the delicate work being shown up to the very best advantage by the lining of cherry-coloured silk, the same vividly-beautiful colour being introduced in the silk neck and waist bands. The bodice, too, was ornamented in the same way, and the perfect simplicity of the style enabled one to appreciate to the full the beauty of the embroidery. Entirely different in style, but equally effective, is the other dress, which has a skirt of white piqué, finished at each side in front with a strap of black satin ribbon, terminating in a rosette and a long loop. There is the smartest possible little zouave bodice of bright blue mirror velvet, with rolled back fronts lined with white *moiré*, the loose cape-sleeves being cut up the centre and turned back with *moiré* in the same way, while they are fastened across the plain under-sleeves of white piqué by bows

of black satin ribbon. The full front is of white accordion-pleated point d'esprit over blue silk, which, in order that only a suggestion of delicate colour should be given, has been first veiled lightly with white chiffon, the effect, as a consequence, being charmingly soft, while a finishing touch is given by a draped neckband of black satin tying at the back in a large, outstanding bow, and a waistband of the same fabric, prettily arranged in front with a deftly-tied bow. Such a production is quite capable of singing its own praises, so I will go on to tell you of a daintily-pretty and eminently *chic* gown of buff-coloured piqué, the bodice draped upwards over a vest of turquoise-blue-and-white checked silk, and completed by a collar and waistband of black satin ribbon, while the square revers of the checked silk were cut out in battalions. The skirt was arranged with side-straps of black satin ribbon, finishing midway with a large bow at the top of three fan-like pleats, which had a very graceful effect when the wearer moved.

Still another gown which struck me as being too pretty to pass over in silence had a bodice of rose-red glacé silk, entirely veiled with filmy white chiffon, the fulness of the sleeves being held in by three graduated bands of heavily-sequined net, which also composed the deep corselet belt. The skirt was of openwork black grenadine, through which the rose-red lining gleamed softly, and I lost my heart so completely to this lovely dress that I resolved not to transfer my allegiance to any other, for this week, at any rate. So I fled from temptation, only to fall under the thrall of two exquisite diamond hair ornaments of uniquely beautiful design, and a charming brooch in the form of a crescent in diamonds surrounding a diamond star, in the centre of which was one lovely pearl, while from the top rose three radiating diamond points, each one tipped with a pearl. You can judge of their beauty by the illustrations on page 669. Of course, I found these lovely things where you can always discover something new and beautiful in the way

of jewellery — at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' famous storehouse of treasures, 112, Regent Street, where, by-the-way, I also saw a copy of their new catalogue, a really wonderful volume, beautifully bound and profusely illustrated, which will actually be sent post free to anyone who applies for it. You should certainly obtain a copy to keep by you—it is sure to be useful, sooner or later—and just now the prices are much lower than usual. I may tell you, owing to the fall in silver. But, to return to our diamonds, I am glad to think that the wedding season is not over yet, for some lucky bride may now have the chance of being presented with one, at least, of the lovely ornaments I have had sketched in the hope of leading some prospective bridegroom's feet into the way they should go, and to all such I should also commend a lovely diamond heart brooch, surmounted by a coronet, and entwined with a red enamel ribbon, fastened with a single pearl, while a gold brooch in the form of a broken merrythought, set with a diamond, a ruby, and a sapphire, was quaint and pretty.

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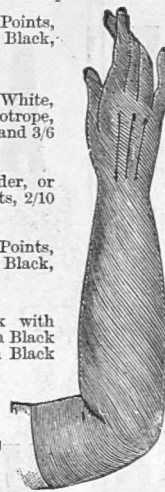
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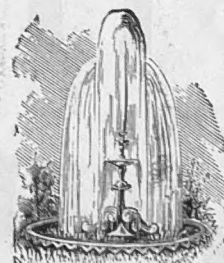
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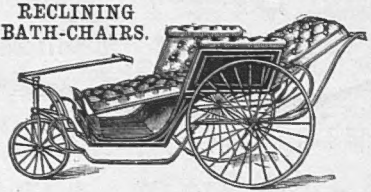
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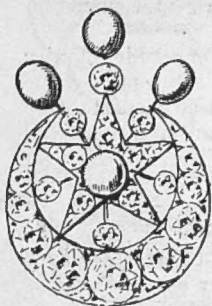
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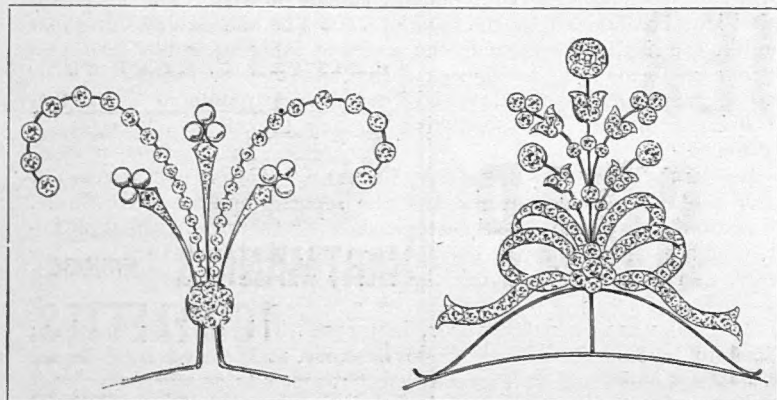
stones, and set with oval-shaped opals of graduated size, being particularly beautiful. Certainly, if you want to be fashionable just now, you must wear opals, for there is no doubt that these erstwhile neglected stones are steadily gaining in popularity in these days of matter-of-fact common-sense and "Thirteen" clubs. And then there are always the diamonds, and it seems to me that they are becoming more and more valuable as a means of investment; for imagine what good diamonds will be worth if ever the supply runs out, and, surely, it cannot be inexhaustible—superb tiaras and exquisite necklets, which would lie on a white neck, like points of living flame; graceful sprays of flowers, quivering and scintillating with every movement—diamonds, in fact, in every form and design that ingenuity can devise and perfect workmanship can execute, and such as you can always find in profusion and perfection at 112, Regent Street, where, after I have taken you in the spirit, you should speedily follow in



CRESCENT BROOCH.

the flesh, if only to enjoy the sight of so many things of beauty—which are at the same time, indeed, a joy for ever—gathered in one place.

From diamonds to the useful, necessary pen is a long jump, but everyone is obliged to have a pen of one sort or another, and everyone is not, of course, fortunate enough to be able to obtain diamonds for the wishing or the asking, so I want to tell you all of a pen which makes writing a positive pleasure, and which to anyone who does much of this kind of work is, indeed, a veritable treasure-trove. Anyone who has once used it will know that I allude to the "Swan" fountain-pen, which is fitted with a nib of 14-carat gold tipped with iridium, and which, therefore, never corrodes and never, to all intents and purposes, wears out. It is very simply constructed, and after being filled will write continuously for hours; while, if you are wise enough to carry it about with you, you will often be saved the discomfort of using



TWO DIAMOND HAIR ORNAMENTS.

strange and terrible pens, which have disastrous effects upon your handwriting. You can get the "Swan" fountain-pen from Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, of 93, Cheapside, E.C., or 95A, Regent Street, W., in three different sizes, at 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., and twenty-five shillings respectively, and all you have to do is to send a sample of handwriting with the pen ordinarily used, and you will be provided with an exactly similar nib in the fountain-pen. I cannot imagine a more generally useful and acceptable article for a present either to a man or woman, so when next you are racking your brains for some birthday or anniversary gift think of the "Swan" pen, and you will most certainly be hailed as a benefactor by the recipient. I know that I always bless the friend who introduced it to my own notice.

Now a word about our complexions, for this bright weather has an unpleasant knack of showing up any little flaws and defects in our skins, just as it discovers with unerring accuracy any specially shabby bit of our various household gods. As to the skin part of the question, I find that one of the best ways of keeping it fresh and clear, even on the hottest day, is to make a point of adding a few drops of Scrubb's Cloudy Household Ammonia to the water when washing. You will find it has a wonderfully good and refreshing effect generally, and then if you always carry a little bit of soft tissue paper about with you, and when you feel unpleasantly hot and greasy rub it gently over your face, you will feel a different and altogether nicer person, for it will leave your skin as clean and fresh as if you had had a thoroughly good wash, and, though you cannot always get that, a bit of tissue paper is not a troublesome or cumbersome thing to carry about with you. I wish I could lay claim to the credit of discovering its virtues, but I frankly admit that I cannot, and, indeed, I expect many of you already make use of it; but still it may be news to one or two, so it is worth repeating.

As to the furniture—well, we have Aspinall's Enamel always with us, or, at least, we can get it for the asking, and for a very modest sum of money, from all the stores, &c. Personally, I find a wonderful fascination in transforming serviceable but ugly old jars and time-worn bits of furniture into gaily-coloured spots of prettiness and colour—you have nearly fifty shades to choose from—and if you want to try your hand on some small things you should get one of the "Artists' Boxes," containing twelve tins of assorted colours and one brush, all being sold for the small

sum of 1s. 6d., or post free from the works of Aspinall's Enamel, Limited, New Cross, S.E., for 1s. 10d. These are the most enthralling little boxes possible, and are calculated to fill you with a desire to enamel anything and everything on which you can lay hands. But one should cultivate moderation in all things, and Aspinall's enamel used with discretion is, as a matter of fact, a wonderful household beautifier and an invaluable renovator.

Do any of you go in for "poker work"?—because, if so, I can recommend a book which will be of immense service to you, as it contains some very valuable hints on the best method of working and a host of charmingly artistic and original designs. It bears the title of the "Alma" Designs for Poker and Marqueterie Work," by Mrs. Alma, and if you send 10s. 6d. to her at 5, Guilford Place, Russell Square, W.C., she will forward you a copy in return. It is very artistically got up in portfolio form, I may tell you, and is altogether well worth the money to any "poker" lovers.

FLORENCE.

MRS. HENNIKER'S SHORT STORIES.*

"Outlines" is scarcely, as its modest title suggests, a volume of sketches. It is made up of four short stories, each finished and rounded to a whole, and without shadowiness or lack of perspective. It is an age of the short story, when so many people are doing excellently in the medium that to excel is somewhat difficult. Time was when it was accepted as a matter of fact that the *conte* was not for the English story-teller. He and she were supposed to lack the crispness, the precision, the sharpness of outline, requisite for the art; and tacitly, for quite a long time, we acquiesced in the unwritten law, and left the short story to American and French writers. But once we had found out our mistake, we took so eagerly to the new medium, and did so well in it, that the English book market is crowded with short stories of a surprisingly high level of goodness, and the demand has been so fully supplied that public taste is swinging back again in the direction of the long story. Mrs. Henniker comes before the public with literary traditions, which her work honestly upholds. She does not ask for such a success of esteem as fell to the lot of her brother's "Verses." Except that she has allowed her publishers to prefix to the book a very beautiful portrait of her, she does not attempt to prejudge our verdict on her work. "Outlines" is neither the diversions of a beauty, a fine lady, nor the daughter of a well-known man of letters. It is a piece of honest literary work, which deserves to rank high on its merits. It is dedicated "To my friend, Thomas Hardy," and it is not an unworthy offering, even to the mind of the most "true-blue Hardy person," such as the present writer is. Mrs. Henniker gives us her worst story first. In "A Statesman's Love Lapse," Mr. Fludyer's hankering after his wife's young cousin never for a moment assumes the seriousness and inevitableness which would make it a tragedy of the world well lost for love. He tires of his delicate wife on inadequate grounds, as he loves the fresh young beauty also for inadequate reasons. "The Major's Prodigal" has something of the lack of social perspective we find also in the third story, "Our Neighbour, Mr. Gibson." Flewin would scarcely be such a "bounder" in real life, whatever his moral shortcomings might be, and the circumstances of his little wife's birth and upbringing would seem far more momentous to the Major than Mrs. Henniker imagines. Still, accepting Flewin as he is, the story is an agreeable little idyll. The Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, stationer of "Our Neighbour, Mr. Gibson" also suffers by reason of Mrs. Henniker's ignorance of his *milieu*. Her distance from these people makes her bless them in a common manner of thinking and speaking; whereas there would probably be nearly as many steps between Mr. Eames and Mrs. Ellery, socially, as between Mr. Eames and Mrs. Henniker. The last story, "A Sustained Illusion," is the strongest both in motive and treatment of the book. The woman who conceals her disgrace from her simple old grandfather by painful years of lying, and at last quiets his death-agony with a final splendid lie, is a pathetic and large conception, such a one as would appeal to a master like Thomas Hardy. The treatment is fresh and vivid, and the effect quite poignant. On the whole, the new book strengthens Mrs. Henniker's claims to a place among our story-tellers. Yet, good as it is, it has promise of better things, and promise is, in a sense, a more precious thing than performance. The opening of "A Statesman's Love Lapse" has painful power, and makes one expect something finer in continuation than Mrs. Henniker has given us.

K. T.

SWITZERLAND IN MINIATURE.

The Eisteddfod cannot but give a fillip to the public interest in Wales, and the visit of the Prince of the Principality this year serves to increase that interest. The London and North-Western Company, always to the fore in the matter of improvements and facilities to the travelling public, announce that every Saturday during July, August, and September special trains at cheap fares will leave Euston Station at 8.15 a.m. for Llandudno, Bangor, Rhyl, Llanberis (for Snowdon), Aberystwyth, Barmouth, and other attractive tourist resorts in North Wales. These excursions will enable passengers to spend a fortnight in Wales, and will be a boon to thousands of city dwellers. The cheap tickets will be available for return on the following Monday, Monday week, or Monday fortnight, by special through trains. In like manner, cheap excursions to London will be run every Monday from the principal towns in the Principality, returning on the following Saturday or Saturday week.

* "Outlines." By the Hon. Mrs. Henniker. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 14, 1894.

The effect of long-continued cheap money is making itself evident on the profits of many of the big banks, and it would have been astonishing if this had not been so. We think that many worse investments are to be found at present prices than London and Westminster or Union of London Bank shares, where the shrinkage of value has, in our opinion, gone quite far enough, especially considering that the present state of inactivity is certain to pass away, and with active markets and a reasonable demand for loanable capital the old rate of profits will return.

At the time we wrote to you, dear Sir, last week, we said that a disaster which had been for some time feared on the Stock Exchange was, we understood, averted. As a matter of fact, the disaster had happened, although we were not aware of it, and during the last few days another very unpleasant matter has come to light in connection with a member whose cheques have been returned in consequence of the defalcations of an employee, which are said to reach the large sum of £12,000. The gentleman whose cheques came back was probably more surprised than anyone connected with the affair, for he had not an idea that anything was wrong, and the case is such a hard one that arrangements have been made to carry the stocks for a short time, in the hope of assistance being obtained. The settlement, under these circumstances, was by no means a comfortable one, and there was considerable forced selling, especially in the Mining and Home Railway markets.

The demand for all sorts of high-class investment stock continues brisk, so much so, indeed, that Consols have touched a record price (101 7-8), while Home Corporation stocks nearly all mark improvement, and debentures, such as those of John Barker and Co., offered last week, are at high premiums. It is the time for people with unimpeachable security to get money, and, judging by the advertisements which appear daily in the papers, there is no doubt the excellent old maxim of making hay while the sun shines is being acted upon.

The Home Railway market has been distinctly flat all the week, and except in the case of the Scotch stocks declines are marked all through the list. The Brighton dividend was better than expected, and, considering that last year the weather was far better than has been the case during the last six months, it is satisfactory to find the directors making the same distribution as before. The A stock, which was very flat before the dividend came out, at once jumped up, and leaves off only a fraction worse than last week. Caledonian and North British have both risen, especially the ordinary stock of the former line, which has been well bought upon what the market calls the impending collapse of the strike.

The Sheffield result is poor, when we consider that the gross traffics showed an increase of £60,000, and the underwriters of the extension capital are to be consoled with at having to take 89 per cent. of the amounts they made themselves responsible for.

In America, as we expected, the storm has blown itself out, and the end of the week has seen a general improvement; but much remains to be done before confidence is restored. Such rude shocks as the public on this side have received during the last eighteen months are not forgotten in a hurry.

There can be very little doubt that there are many bargains to be picked up among the Yankee bonds, only one is not quite sure that in a few weeks or months the self-same stocks may not be cheaper still. It is no use always expecting to buy at the lowest, however, and such things as Denver gold bonds are worth looking up.

A fresh plan is being proposed for dealing with the debenture-holders of the Argentine Great Western Railway, which, as far as we can learn, will give for each £100 debenture with over-due interest £50 new 4 per cent. debenture stock and a £50 new 6 per cent. income bond. On the whole, we are inclined to advise you to fall in with some such arrangement, especially as £3 of the interest arrears will be paid in cash, and the balance funded in new debenture stock. The necessity for these reconstructions is very provoking, no doubt, dear Sir, but, since it exists, the only way is to accept with the best grace what the unfortunate debtor can offer, and we think the principle of letting creditors take the earnings is a right and proper one.

The great gamble in Allsopps has been going merrily, with big fluctuations of as much as 6½ on balance in a day; after touching 109½, the ordinary stock leaves off at 114½, and with a far steadier appearance than at any previous time since we wrote to you last. No one but a fool or a person with inside—very inside—information would touch this stock until after the dividend is declared, and then it will very likely be too late to make money.

There has been a steadily growing feeling that the arrangements between the Bank of New Zealand and the Government of that colony are intended to cover up some underhand borrowing by the latter upon this market, and New Zealand inscribed issues are all down in consequence. The transaction was a strange one, and it is not surprising that suspicions have been aroused, but the truth or otherwise of the idea will not be known for some time yet. We see no great harm, if it is a fact that the bank is going to lend the Government £1,000,000 of the money which the new preference shares will produce; indeed, as a piece of business it may be far better and safer than lending the same amount to its smaller customers.

We are assured by those who ought to know that the report of the

Investigation Committee of the Trustees Corporation is in print, and only delayed by the difficulty of getting eight persons, three of whom represent the interests of the late directors, to sign the document. If all that is said about what the document contains be true, it will create considerable excitement, and point to the recovery of several large sums paid away for purposes which are what lawyers call *ultra vires*. If this is so, the support which you have given Mr. Walker's movement for a proper investigation will be amply justified.

After all, it is reported, there will be no Board of Trade inquiry into the affairs of the Industrial Trust, for the forms sent out by the present directors asking the Board of Trade to appoint an inspector are not being largely signed, and nothing can be done unless capital representing half a million wishes for the inquiry. The matter is, of course, entirely one for the shareholders, and if they do not care about it there is no reason for outsiders to urge them on.

The difficulties of which we have already spoken, dear Sir, have had a considerable influence on the Mining market, and Chartered shares have, during the week, touched 25s. 10d., although they leave off at the same price as a week ago, on rumours that Mr. Rhodes is coming to England in the autumn.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THOMAS COOK AND SON (EGYPT), LIMITED.—This company is offering £200,000 5 per cent. first mortgage debentures, and, from the prospectus, the security offered seems good enough. The net profits are set out for each year, and, although 1893 was a bad year, there was margin enough to secure the debenture interest twice over. For a person who wants 5 per cent. with reasonable safety these debentures are a very fair investment, and they should be easily placed at such a time as the present.

THE LEHNER ARTIFICIAL SILK COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company requires £72,000 to carry on the manufacture of artificial silk by a new process invented by Dr. F. Lehner, and if half that is said of the invention be true the company should do well. The necessary capital is to be obtained by the issue of 7200 £10 shares, and for those who like the risk, and sometimes the profit, of dabbling in new processes the concern seems to us a fair speculation, not so over capitalised as if Mr. Cotham or any of the other well-known patent promoters had pulled the strings, but far too speculative for any broker to advise as an investment.

BENSKIN'S WATFORD BREWERY, LIMITED.—This is another case of 4½ per cent. brewery debentures, and the security appears fairly ample. The auditor's certificate is satisfactory, showing that the profits of the last year are larger than the average for 1891, 1892, and 1893 by over £3000, and we should imagine the money will be subscribed several times over.

B. C. BUSHELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company has been formed to take over the Black Eagle Brewery, at Westerham, in Kent. The business is old and well established, but seems to us more suited for a private partnership than a joint-stock company. The additional expenses which a joint-stock company has to bear are nearly as heavy when the past profits have been £28,000 a year as when they have been, as in this case, only £8000; but the difference in the proportion is very considerable. The 4½ per cent. first mortgage debentures are amply secured, and the 6 per cent. preference shares are safe enough to receive their interest; but we doubt if a Stock Exchange quotation will be obtained for so small an issue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KAY.—We never advise about brokers, whether outside or inside the Stock Exchange. The brewery company you name is not in good odour in the market, and its 4½ debentures are below par, so you must draw your own conclusions about the ordinary shares. We will only say there are many companies of the same class which we would rather invest in.

LANCASTER.—The bank you name is a most flourishing concern and stands well, but it is an unlimited company, and you must not forget that you would be liable to the last shilling you have in the world if anything went wrong. It does not seem to us that 4½ per cent. is tempting enough to risk so much over. Would it not be better to buy some good Colonial Corporation loan, like Wellington or Dunedin 6 per cent. at, say, 122, and obtain the interest you want with no liability?

APPLEDORE.—We hear that a first dividend of two shillings in the pound is to be paid shortly on the debentures of the unfortunate Land Company of Australasia, but we do not understand why a call has not been made by the liquidator upon the shareholders. Perhaps Mr. E. Ford, of 23, College Hill, Cannon Street, will explain this to you if you write to him.

D. R. P.—The promoters of the concern were the notorious Scottish Issue Company, or, rather, Mr. Lawson, of 7, Lothbury, and we fear it is a bad egg.

LEEDS.—As far as we know, Mr. Sampson Fox has taken no proceedings against the proprietors of *To-day* for the articles on water gas which you send us, but perhaps he did not consider they contained libellous matter. Surely he is the best judge of this.

TED.—John Barker and Co. debentures are a good investment, if you are lucky enough to get an allotment. Don't touch Syria Ottoman Railway debentures, which may safely be left to Mr. Bottomley and his friends.

X.—No. The people you name are notorious swindlers, and anything they recommend is to be avoided. We think well of nitrate prospects, and you might buy Nitrate Rails to pay you high interest; indeed, you had far better do so than let outside brokers pocket your money, as they will surely do if you listen to all the untrue statements they put in their advertisements, as you seem inclined to do.

MINER.—We are not in favour of Day Dawn P.C. shares. You had better buy Brilliant Blocks or Buffelsdoorns.